HAIL AND FAREWELL

I seem to remember that before I chose you finally, Old Shoes, the little carpet on which we were matched was strewn with other shoes which were your rivals. It is curious that while you have been so long in growing old you never seemed new, Old Shoes.

You seem to have been all your life in that good state of middle age which has neither the rawness of youth nor the complaints of age—always mellow, always mature, just showing through a high polish the becoming stains of hard experience.

My life has been your law, Old Shoes; my holidays, no holiday for you; and I declare that what was fun to me would many a time have been death to you if you had not been so brave of heart and sound of limb. And so at last it has come about that my walks abroad and even my manner of walking have shaped you until at this moment you are as native to me and as much my own as is the expression which I wear upon my face. You have fulfilled your destiny, Old Shoes. You are now a part of my past. Good-bye!

Lotus & Delta

SHOES OF STANDING

For Men and for Women

At prices from 21/-

LOTUS, LTD., STAFFORD & Northampton. *AGENTS* EVERYWHERE

GRANT'S B.P.

The Whisky that justifies its name — "BEST PROCURABLE"

A happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Blender's Art.

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.,
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, Dufftown, and at
82, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:
Messrs. Hedges and Butler, Ltd.,
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King,
153, Regent Street, W.1.

Excelsior Shoes *for Ladies*

Unseen Differences

In making Excelsior Shoes there are innumerable little details, involving much time and labour, incorporated to combat all the weaknesses of the average good shoe. These unseen differences add but little to the ultimate prices, but ensure long wear, lasting shapeliness and comfort from the very first time you put them on. There are no shoes quite so good and smart as Excelsior,—the finest ladies' shoes made in Great Britain to-day.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."

Excelsior
MODEL 4006
Distinctive Model, in White Ooze Calf. Made in all materials.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Excelsior Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL

O'er Hill and Dale to Scotland

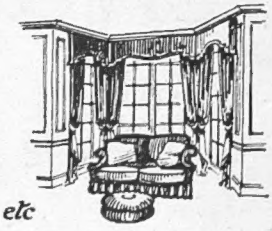
West Coast Route from Euston
Midland from St. Pancras

Both are beautiful. Both are L M S.
Go one way and return the other (you may do that if you like) and see the summer glory of the English countryside roll itself out before you like the Pageant of the Sun.
L M S to Scotland is sm oth and even running.
L M S to Scotland is quickest and most direct.

Extra Summer Service on July 14

L M S

Fadeless Furnishing Fabrics for Cushions, Loose Covers, etc



Patterns on request

ROBERSONS LTD
217 KNIGHTSBRIDGE S.W.7.
(facing Knightsbridge Barracks)

WHAT disappointment! To offer a Melachrino Cigarette, only to find the compliment wasted on one whose taste cannot measure up to appreciation of such rare Turkish tobacco.

M. MELACHRINO & Co., LTD.,
11, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.

MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"

ON warm or sultry days you find entire comfort in "LUVISCA" Shirts, Pyjamas, and Soft Collars. The designs are simple and refined. "LUVISCA" has all the fine points of silk at much smaller cost. More enduring than silk,

"Luvisca" REGD
SHIRTS
PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

wash and iron without yellowing or fading. Their soft lustre prevents soiling, and gives a note of luxury.

Look for the Tab on every garment. None genuine without.

If any difficulty in obtaining write COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. 5M), 19, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2, for name of your nearest retailer and descriptive booklet.

BH33.

WALPOLES
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.
Established 1766.

Summer Sale
Genuine Reductions
Guaranteed Qualities
Now Proceeding.

WONDERFUL VALUE
BH33
Superior Quality Zephyr Frock
in a smart Stripe, having long roll collar and cuffs of soft White Pique. Perfectly cut and made by our own workers from an excellent washing fabric. Colours — Black, Grey, Lemon, Brown, Green.
Sale Price
29/6
Sizes 44/14, 46/14½.
Sale Catalogue will be sent Post Free.
We Pay Carriage within the British Isles.

By Appointment.

Every Burberry Garment bears the Burberry Trade-mark.

A Perfect Coat for ALL Weathers

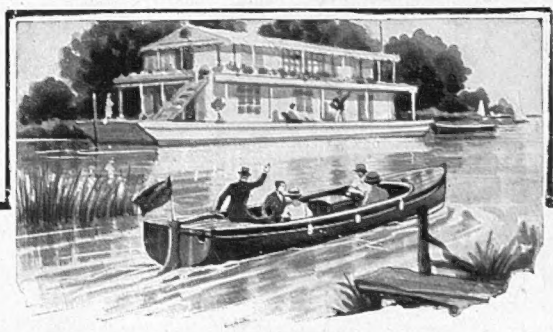
"There is no Weatherproof I know to compare with The Burberry. Its great charms are its lightness, tightness from all rain, its warmth when buttoned, and perfect coolness and ventilation in warm weather."—G.B.S.

THE BURBERRY

whatever the weather, whatever the occasion, is the Weatherproof to wear. It defies continuous rain, provides healthful warmth when it is chilly, yet airylight and self-ventilating, is cool and comfortable on hot and dusty days. The most useful Overcoat a man can possess—

A COAT FOR TO-DAY, TO-MORROW—EVERY DAY

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET SW.1 LONDON
Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Agents in Provincial Towns
Burberrys Ltd.



KELVIN COMPLETE MOTOR LAUNCHES OBTAINABLE FROM STOCK
For Pleasure—For Comfort—For Convenience.
Over 40 Models————Range 18 to 75 feet.
Write for Launch Catalogue No. 7 (Home and Export).
THE BERGIUS COMPANY LTD., DOBBIES LOAN, GLASGOW

NEW AUTUMN CLOTHES

At Reduced Prices During the Sale

WITH a view to keeping our workers fully employed during the last few weeks, we have made up a number of Coats, Coats and Skirts, Coat Frocks, and Dresses which have been specially designed for the forthcoming Season. These garments are made from the finest quality materials, and we feel confident that in offering new and fashionable Autumn clothes during our Sale at these exceptionally low prices we are taking a step which will meet with the approval of the majority of our customers.

MATRON'S COAT FROCK in fine quality repp, cut on becoming lines with wrap-over front and fastening with novelty tie belt, handsomely embroidered on collar, cuffs and edge with self and contrasting shades. In Navy, Black and a good range of colours.

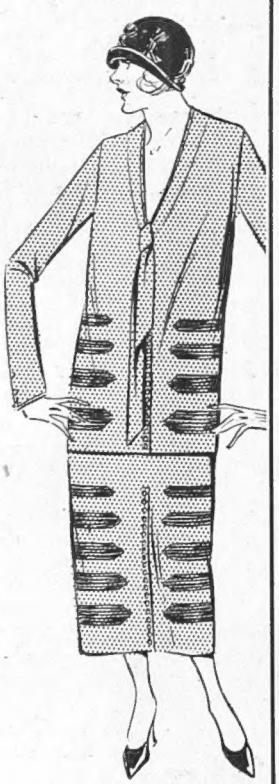
Special Sale Price
£5 18 6

SMART AFTERNOON FROCK in good quality marocain, cut with becoming draped front, finished at waist with fancy buckle and on collar with band of white fur, skirt with godet frill at back. In Black and a good range of colours.

Special Sale Price
£5 18 6

COAT AND SKIRT in good quality gabardine, coat perfectly cut on jumper lines, with novelty tie of own material, pique vest slip and cuffs, buttoning down fronts and attractively finished all round with braid trimming in various widths, skirt cut with plain top and finished with button and buttonhole trimming to match coat. In Navy, Black and a good range of colours.

Special Sale Price
8½ Gns.



WELL TAILORED COAT suitable for country and seaside wear, in fine quality new striped teddy bear cloth, cut on thoroughly practical lines and finished with pocket and narrow belt, lined throughout with crepe de Chine to tone. In Black and a large range of new autumn colours.

Special Sale Price
6½ Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(Debenhams Ltd.)

Oxford Street & Vere Street, London, W.1

FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, Ltd.

PARK ST., UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.1.

Have received instructions from the trustees to **Dispose of the Entire Contents of Three Town and Two Country Mansions**; 121 complete rooms, the whole being of exceptional make and in perfect condition, including **GENUINE ANTIQUES AND WORKS OF ART,** carpets, pictures, books, etc., being offered regardless of original cost. The whole of this fine Collection is displayed in our vast sale rooms and **can be seen daily 9 till 7, including Thursdays and Saturdays.** Any item may be had separately. Immediate delivery by motor-lorries or stored free 12 months, payment when required.

DINING ROOMS, RECEPTION ROOMS and LIBRARIES comprise choice examples of Adam, Chippendale, and Sheraton Styles. The dining and reception room sets range from a complete set from **16 guineas** up to **2,000 guineas.** An exquisite complete **DINING ROOM SET** in finely waxed Jacobean oak, including sideboard, centre table and chairs complete, **16 guineas**; a very handsome Sheraton-style complete set, **30 guineas,** and a similar set, very elegant, of Chippendale style for **£40**; large bookcases from **10 guineas. A RARE OLD OAK DRESSER BEING OFFERED FOR £25,** with a very unusual Charles II style old trestle table, **14 guineas**; 6 rare old chairs to go with remainder at **£3 15s.** each, old refectory table, **10 guineas.**

BEDROOMS and DRESSING-ROOMS include some unique specimens of antique **FOUR-POST BEDS, TALLBOY and OTHER CHESTS, GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBES, OLD BUFFET DRESSING TABLES** in styles of Elizabethan, William and Mary, Queen Anne, etc., all to be sold quite regardless of original cost. Complete Bedroom Suites in solid oak, from **7 guineas.** Choice solid mahogany Bedroom Suites of Chippendale style offered at **23 guineas.** Very elegant Queen Anne design Bedroom Suite in oyster-shell walnut, **27 guineas** up to **700 guineas.**

DRAWING-ROOMS and **BOUDOIRS** in English and Continental Styles.

LARGE LOUNGE SETTEES and EASY CHAIRS of exceptionally fine make, most having loose down cushion seats and backs and covered in real leather, choice silk velvets, tapestries, and art linen, ranging in price from Settees **3 guineas** each up to **35 guineas,** and easy chairs from **37s. 6d.** each up to **20 guineas.**

Examples of white statuary, marble and bronze groups and figures, oil-paintings by Old Masters, Andrea del Sarto, Bassano, Borgognone and others.

PIANOFORTES by "Chappell," "Erard," "Ibach," "Broadwood" and other eminent makers, including **COTTAGE PIANOFORTE FOR 10 GUINEAS** and **GRAND PIANOFORTE, 25 GUINEAS.**

CARPETS, Persian, Turkey, Indian, and English Axminster, all offered at less than quarter the original cost. Complete **CANTEENS, CONTAINING CUTLERY** by Mappin and Webb and other eminent makers, from **£4 17s. 6d.**; Old Waterford and other cut glass, bed and table linen, clocks, etc., etc.

CATALOGUE POST FREE (P) ON APPLICATION.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN

FURNITURE and FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.

(By Royal Appointment to H.M. The King of Spain)

PARK ST., UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.1.

Train Fares and Cab Fares allowed to all Customers.

Omnibuses Nos. 4, 19, 30 & 43, pass our doors.

Goods delivered to any part by our own Motor Lorries.

Sunday Times

THE COMPLETE NEWSPAPER

THE SUNDAY TIMES makes a direct appeal to all classes of readers.

Its Home and Foreign News is full and comprehensive and presented without sensationalism.

Three pages are devoted to detailed reports of all kinds of sports, accompanied by authoritative comments and criticism, written by experts.

The Financial, Industrial, and Social intelligence is well informed and exact.

The Women's page, the Dramatic World and World of Music, the Bridge column, Chess problems, and Acrostics, are attractive and popular features.

Sunday Times

Over 9,000 little children die in England alone every year. Thousands of these deaths are preventable. The aim of the

BATTLE FOR INFANT LIFE

is to find means of prevention and cure to reduce this appalling death-roll. In the forepart of the Battle stands

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

a recognised Centre of Research, Teaching and Treatment, the largest of its kind in the Empire. But it is burdened with debt and cannot fulfil its national mission without generous support.

An urgent appeal is made for contributions in money and service. All are asked to join the Voluntary Helpers' Guild. Full particulars, and a booklet, "Many Ways of Helping in the Battle," will gladly be sent on request.

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL, Vincent Sq., London, S.W.

President:
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES.

Chairman: J. GOMER BERRY, ESQ.

"Durward's

PRACTICAL DESIGNS
FOR
GOLFING, COUNTRY and TRAVELLING WEAR.

EXCLUSIVE BUT INEXPENSIVE

COUNTRY SUITS
IN VAST RANGES—
CHEVIOTS, HOMESPUNS, ETC.
From **8** Guineas.

THE "AINTREE" COAT

A perfectly balanced, easy-fitting Coat, made with set-in sleeves. Distinctive in appearance and thoroughly waterproof, it is a garment of unapproachable excellence for Town, Country, Travelling and general use.

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT
is under separate and expert supervision and carried out by workmen who excel in making from self-measurements without personal fittings.

Patterns, illustrations and Form of Measurement post free on application.

Coats sent on approval upon receipt of remittance or London Trade Reference.

THE "BADMINTON"

A smart Coat made up double-breasted for Travelling and Sporting wear in a variety of Cheviots, Homespuns, West of Englands, etc.

THE "UNIVERSAL" COAT
Rain but not Airproof,

A very smart and comfortable Coat adapted for all weathers and purposes. Made in our Universal West of England Cloth of pure virgin wool double proofed by the latest and most efficient system.

Price **6 Guineas.**

Kenneth Durward Ltd.

ULSTER HOUSE, 37, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.

DINARD (Brittany)
The All-the-Year-Round Resort.
8 Hours from Southampton.
18 Hole Golf.
The Most Equable Climate.
The Most Reasonable Terms.
Apply for Season Terms (July-Sept.)
CRYSTAL HOTEL 1st class, inclusive from 35 fr.
MICHELET HOTEL inclusive from 25 to 35 fr.

HAIRS CALL ON **HELEN LAWRENCE**
and get free expert advice for your
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
NOT A DEPILATORY, NOT ELECTROLYSIS
If you cannot call, write for Home Treatment 12/6
Sample 2/- (Postage abroad 2/6)
HELEN LAWRENCE,
167, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

Evan Williams
Evan Williams' "Ordinary," brightens but does not colour the hair.
Of all Chemists and Hairdressers.
Write to-day for free Booklet.
MAISON B. CHAVENTRE.
289, Oxford Street, London, W.1
HENNA SHAMPOO

Daily Graphic

The World's Leading Picture Daily.

PRICE - - ONE PENNY

WOODROW LTD
46, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

By Appointment

By Appointment.

Branches at
11, Market Street, Manchester.
8, Castle Street, Liverpool.
45, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

40, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.
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Birmingham Agents:
W. C. Richards & Co.
67, Corporation Street.

THE Harmony of Good Taste and Refinement is reflected in all WOODROW Headwear. Imparting the air of INDIVIDUALITY so seldom found in a hat.

46, Piccadilly, W.1.

Price's Old English Lavender Soap

In old-time wooden boxes of six and twelve tablets.

Like good wine

Like good wine, Price's Old English Lavender Soap matures when kept in the old-time wooden boxes in which it is packed.

The delicious bouquet will be found at its best when "drawn from the wood."

PRICE'S SOAP CO. LTD.
LONDON

Lv 11—96

TRANSFORMATIONS of BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, GLOSSY, WAVY HAIR.

Impossible to Detect.

Price according to quantity of Hair,
£4 17 6, £3 12 9, £2 10 9.

With absolutely Natural Skin Parting,
£6 6 0.

Toupet with Natural Skin Parting, **£2 10 9.**

Every description of Ornamental Hairwork undertaken and carefully and promptly executed.

SWITCHES OF PURE HAIR, SOFT & LUSTROUS

16 in.	5/9	24 in.	22/9
18 in.	8/9	26 in.	26/9
20 in.	11/9	28 in.	37/9
22 in.	15/9	Any length to order.	

Universal Hair Co.

(Established 1895).

West End Branch:
1. Berners St., Oxford St., W.1

For Goods on Approval see our Descriptive Catalogue post free, from THE MANAGERESS,
80/84 FOXBERRY RD., BROCKLEY,
LONDON, S.E. 4.

NEW AUTUMN CHIFFON VELVET TEA FROCKS AT SPECIAL PRICES

SPECIALLY designed for early Autumn wear and made by our own highly skilled workers on most practical lines.

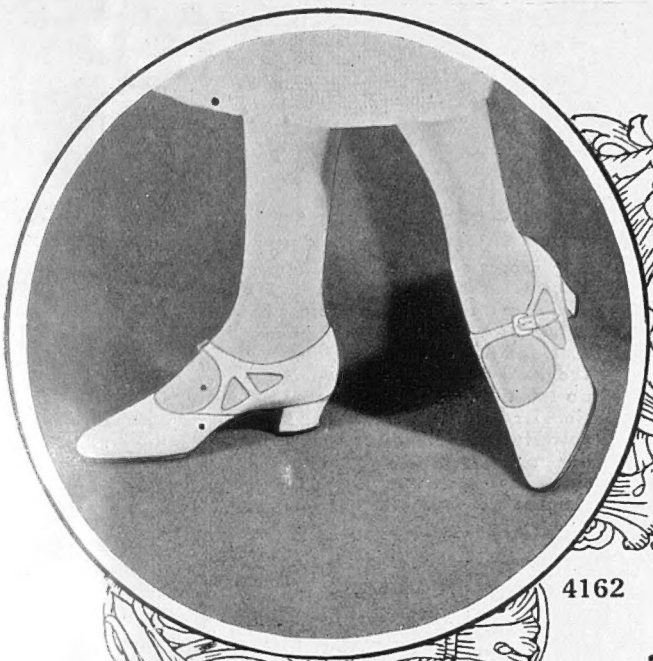
"SELINA."

Useful Tea Frock for young ladies, in rich Lyons chiffon velvet, showing the straight silhouette, with long sleeves and self tie at sides and daintily trimmed fur at skirt and cuffs. In all colours and black.

SPECIAL PRICE
98/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

Sent on approval.



4162

4167

4220

White Shoes

THE very words bring visions of cool, shady Lawns, the Paddock, a quiet backwater on the River. The five shoes selected are designed to set off the trim lines of this Season's Dresses.

Though white shoes are of interest here, it may be noted that a few of each model are issued in almost every leather.

4162 A neat shoe in soft white deer-skin with smart, American, covered heel *49/6*

4167 A distinctive shoe with elastic instep bar In white buck with white kid strappings and Louis heel *29/6*

4220 A new French model in white buck with white kid sandal strappings Louis heel *29/6*

4168 A stylish white buck shoe with buck strappings and Louis heel. In 2 and 3 fittings *49/6*

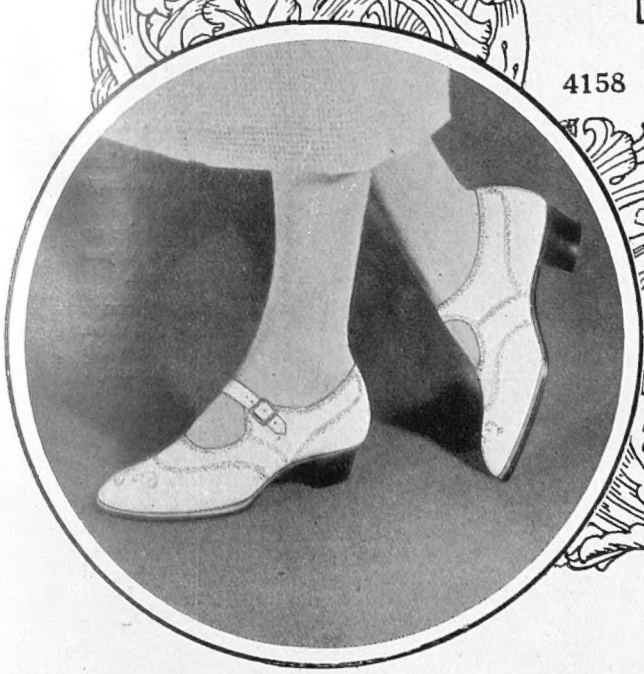
4158 White buck semi-brogued walking shoe, American Cuban heel *32/6*

Advance photographs of 40 or more exclusive White Shoe models to be worn this Season have been collated and are now on issue. A copy can be had post free on request.

ASK FOR CATALOGUE A

Lilley & Skinner Ltd
The Fashion Shoe Shop
358-360, Oxford Street, W.1.
opposite Bond Street Tube.
Phone: Mayfair 1904 & 1905.

4158



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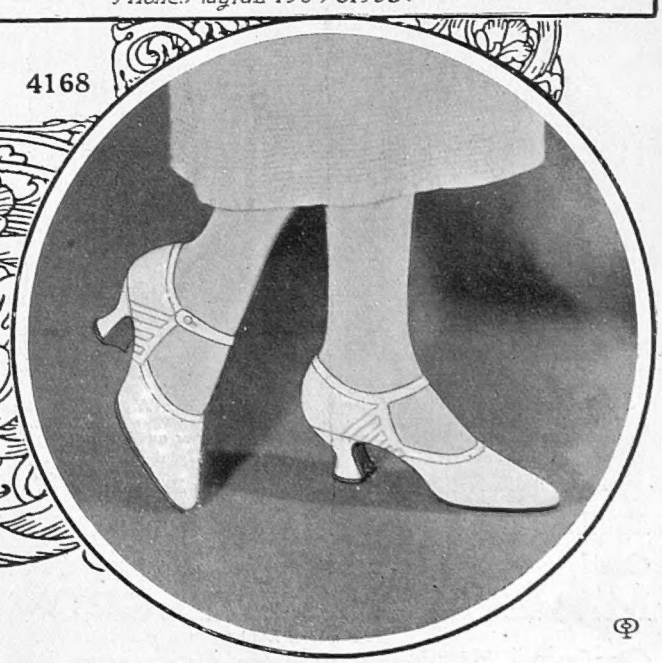


MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S

LAST WEEK OF

SALE

FINAL REDUCTIONS COMMENCING NEXT MONDAY

15 Model Fur Coats in Persian Lamb, Sable dyed squirrel of which one sketched in natural winter moleskins with collar, cuffs and flounce of dyed flying squirrel to tone, is an example.

Original Price 79 to 98 Gns.

Finally Reduced to 49 Gns.

100 Tea Gowns having the wide panels in metal brocade lined chiffon side drapery in georgette trimmed self brocade. In Green/Gold, Luxor Red/Gold, Rose/Silver, Purple/Gold, Cherry/Gold, Orange/Gold, Blue/Silver. Usual Price 8½ Gns.

Finally reduced to £5 19 6

200 Tailored Over Shirts in Celes Crepe, paisley stripes on creme ground, of which sketch is an example.

Usual Price 75/9

Finally Reduced to 39/6

50 White Lace Alpaca Golf Coats, with contrasting stripes in Artificial Silk, superior quality yarn.

Usual Price 63/-

Finally Reduced to 21/-

REMNANT DAYS—THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Goods cannot be sent on approval during the Sale

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(Debenhams Ltd.)

Oxford St. & Vere St., London, W.1

The

Humber

15.9

QUALITY.

THE Humber reputation for progress on sound and tested lines is exemplified in the highest degree in the Humber 15.9 h.p. Five-Seater, the High Average Touring Car, and one of the most popular in the motoring world. Its comfort, no less than its elegance and exceptional road performance, makes a powerful appeal, for the vagaries of our English climate (even in summer time) have been provided for in the simplest yet most effective manner.

Cars from £250 to £915.

May we send you our Catalogue?

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY.

LONDON:

City Showrooms:

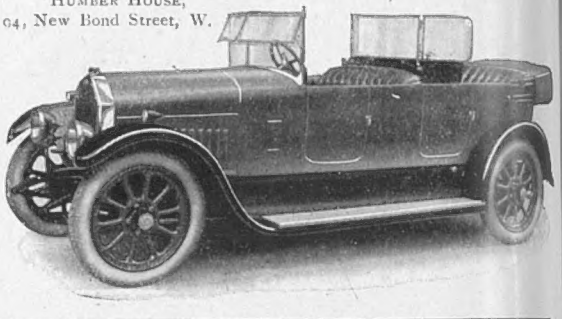
32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

West End Showrooms and Export Branch Office:

HUMBER HOUSE,

64, New Bond Street, W.

Dealers everywhere



"When I was your age . . ."

But children find it very hard to believe that their parents ever were seven or seventeen or twenty-one.

That's where the photographer helps. Make up your mind to visit him now and again, and *your* children will be able to see you as you were.

"What a droll hat," they'll say, looking through the photographs in the years to come. And then, perhaps, "No wonder you fell in love with Mummy, Dad." Won't *that* be worth hearing?

Issued by the National Publicity Association of Professional Photographers

Aquascutum Glamis Cape

(One of many new styles from the Aquascutum early Autumn collection)

The Contrasting 'Scutum Weatherproof

Picture the contrast between the old-time drab and unhygienic mackintosh and the present-day colourful 'Scutum Weatherproof. . . Of unalloyed wools, proofed against rain, yet air-free and chillproof, the 'Scutum Weatherproof is easy to don, easy to doff, well-balanced, and burdenless.

IMAGINE THIS WONDERFUL COLOUR COMBINATION

Taken at random from hundreds of 'Scutum patterns is one of dove-coloured fawn, overchecked by half-inch-wide softly streaked bars in cinnamon, one of the many colour combinations obtainable only of Aquascutum Ltd. To fully appreciate the vast colour range and the quality of the cloths in which the 'Scutum Weatherproof is made for ladies and gentlemen, it is needful to see and handle these 'Scutum patterns.

A post-card will bring along post-haste a varied assortment of inimitable 'Scutum colourings, plain and overchecked, together with booklet of styles . . . just mention "Bystander."

Agents in most towns.

In New York: Franklin Simon & Co., 5th Avenue.

By appointment to H.M. the King and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Aquascutum Ltd. REGISTERED

Weatherproof Specialists for three-quarters of a century.

126, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

"TRUTH IN" ADVERTISING

A Customer writes:

"I have received the 'Argyll' Coat which fits me perfectly, and which absolutely answers your advertisement."

By time and test the Scutum's best.

When you buy Ciro Pearls you buy the only rivals of nature's pearls

They are made by pearl specialists living in an atmosphere of pearls, steeped in the cult of pearls and the originators of the only exact replicas of ocean pearls. With us pearls are no side line, no mere article of merchandise, handled without knowledge or sentiment and sold promiscuously by anybody. Ciro Pearls can only be obtained at our own establishments.

Ciro Pearls

We cordially invite everyone to inspect the uinque collection of pearls at our showrooms, or we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with solid gold clasp, in beautiful case for One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable, you may return them to us and we will refund your money in full.

Our Pearl Booklet No. 7, post free on request.

Ciro Pearls Ltd

178 REGENT ST. LONDON W. 1. Dept 7
48 OLD BOND ST. LONDON W. 1
44 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON E.C. 2
25 CHURCH ST. LIVERPOOL
AND WEMBLEY EXHIBITION (PALACE OF INDUSTRY)

"The Major"

Even Better than the Best!

YES—it is possible. Hitherto even the best Cigarettes have been damaged by coarse paper, bronze powder and printers' ink.

NOW

the matured golden Virginia in Cavander's ARMY CLUB Cigarettes is wrapped in pure, *Ribbed Rice* paper, ***uncontaminated with Bronze Powder*** or ***Printers' Ink,*** so that Cavander's ARMY CLUB Cigarettes are even ***Better Than The Best.***

Cavander's say—don't smoke Ink—smoke

Cavander's

"Army Club"

Cigarettes

Free from the contamination of Printers' Ink and Bronze Powder

CAMBRIDGE SIZE

20 for 1/3

Cavander's, Limited, Manchester and London
The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775.

The Bystander, July 16, 1924 No. 1076. Vol. LXXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Compton Collier*

IN A KENTISH GARDEN

Lady Dudley Gordon, the wife of the Marquis of Aberdeen's second son, photographed with her youngest boy, Alistair, in the grounds of Wilmington Hall, near Dartford

TRUTH *in* ADVERTISING

by SIR CHARLES HIGHAM

ABOUT two years ago I was entrusted with the pleasurable task of informing the public of the merit of Dunlop Tyres. My clients told me that the Dunlop Cord was the best tyre that money could buy—that it gave longer average mileage than any other Tyre—and that it was as near perfection as a Motor Tyre could be.

* * *

With these facts in front of me I told you of Dunlop Tyres, and to-day I can assure you that from my own *experience,* I have found these claims correct in every detail, as I expected them to be. On my own car, a heavy limousine, the Dunlop Cords on the two front wheels did 19,380 miles without a puncture, and the two Dunlop tyres on the rear wheels did 17,480 and 18,301 miles respectively. I took them off six months ago to fit straight sides, which have so far run over 8,000 miles without even perceptibly wearing the tread!

* * *

Therefore, wherever I see the slogan '*fit Dunlop and be satisfied,*' I feel a keen pride in the fact that I originated it. I feel that here is additional evidence of the fact that advertising can justify itself, in telling the truth, interestingly.

* * *

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No Moat for Me

As a good democrat, I hate to think that tucked away in certain corners of this country lurk traces of that old feudal England known to William the Conqueror and his red-haired successor. Myself, I cannot abide this sort of thing. The sight of a castle fills me with hatred and malice, while the mere mention of a moat makes me draw air through my teeth with a hard hissing sound.

The Ruthless Agent

It is the fashion nowadays for great papers to send great special commissioners to report on great social problems, and so, said I to myself, I will track this spirit of feudal England to its lair. I will go down to Arundel and lay bare the infamy of its over-lord. I will lay bare the squalid sufferings of its [illegible] inhabitants. I will expose the [illegible]t—a cruel man with a hard face—and I will take the evidence of the down-trodden peasantry. Feudalism, indeed! Ha! Ha! Two of them!

Arrogant Arundel

The Southern Railway took me to Arundel without a stop. The thing in itself was suspicious. Here must be some ducal influence that permitted a train to ignore such a democratic centre as Sutton, and to stop at a small market town of the size of Arundel. Outside the station I paused to survey the scene. Proudly placed on a hill, arrogantly raising its keep amid the trees of the park, was Arundel Castle—symbol of a fast failing order of things—the last stronghold of Feudal England. I walked towards it with my heart full of hate, and there, peeping over a hedge on my right, I came upon the Horrid Thing. It was a notice board, flagrantly obvious and flagrantly new. It stood in a pleasant field—the most inviting field in all that pleasant countryside. It was headed By Order, and it was signed by the Estate Agent—the cruel man with the hard face. Summoning up all the hate that was in me, I read the notice:

Children May Play in
This Field.

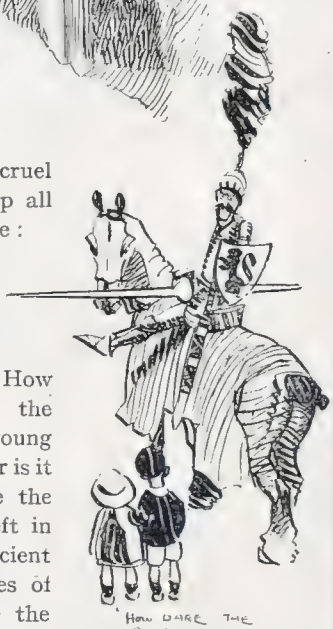
How Dare They?

And what I want to know is this. How dare the Duke of Norfolk, or the Duchess, or her Agent, dictate to the young people of Arundel? Is this a free country or is it not? If the children must play, what are the roads for? Is there no village Hampden left in Sussex to rally the free burgesses of this ancient Borough against the pernicious influences of the big house on the hill? What are the Death Duties for, if not to stamp out this sort of thing. Have we a Labour Government or have we not? What are we going to do about it?

Business and Pleasure

The other day I was talking of new and pleasant industries suitable for people who like to combine business with pleasure. There was a man in Surrey, you remember, who was growing lavender for the big shops in Bond Street, and I suggested that there must be lots of equally jolly ways of making a bit of pocket-money. I have received lots of suggestions, including an offer of money from a Scotch gent. named Gordon—or was it Jordan?—but the only one I will trouble you with comes from an amateur gardener who is growing logan-berries, and wants everyone else to do the same. Apparently, the logan-berry is the most prolific fruit in the world, and if you cut out all the old canes you can't go wrong. The new suckers should be trained along wire, and when this is done, all you have to do is to borrow about fifty baskets and gather the fruit. When I start my lavender patch, I shall have a hedge of logan-berries growing all round it, and the

(Continued on page 139)



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only problem remaining will be how to spend all the money I shall make.

A Matrimonial Expert

I HAVE been dipping rather deeply into this question of logan-berries. I first came across them in Cornwall, where they have Logan Rocks, Lands Ends, Lamorna Coves, and lots of other landmarks. The logan-berry was introduced by a Dutch philosopher about thirty years ago. This splendid fellow, being a sort of matrimonial expert, mated a raspberry with a blackberry, and, when the offspring of the union reached years of discretion it was found to combine the best qualities of both of its parents. Similar attempts to get strawberries to grow on mulberry trees have failed, and apricots have simply turned up their noses at spring onions.

Good for England

I DON'T want to hurt anyone's feelings, but I must tell of my meeting with a South African over for Wembley. He was just back from Scotland and he had also been to Dublin because, as he said, the Irish and Scots bragged so much about their countries that he wanted to see if all they said was true. The Irish, he added, said the least of all, but from what he had seen, they had the most to brag about!

My First Job

I [illegible] a barrister who started [illegible] a shilling a week, and the [illegible] left me quite cold. Most [illegible] I imagine, have earned a [illegible] a week at one time or [illegible]. My first job was collecting snails in a large garden at a penny a hundred, and, when I moved up in the world, I found myself scaring rooks at tuppence a morning. But I hope too much stress won't be laid on these facts when my biography comes to be written, for I don't feel that I am at all an exceptional case. Yet the dear old tag keeps popping up, and everybody seems duly impressed.

THE "FOX" TROTS WITH "LA BELLE FRANCE" By Blas

Cyril's Secret

CYRIL TOLLEY has given his secret to the world: If you want to be a great golfer, you must start playing at the age of five. Splendid news for the kindergartens, but rather depressing for us oldsters who can't put the clock back to that extent. Can't Mr. Tolley hand out a word of hope to those of us who have reached the riper age of nine or ten? Picture the chagrin of the young gentleman in his teens who has his eye on the Open Championship. Meanwhile, I have put vaseline on my clubs and am waiting in resigned fashion for my second time on earth. I'm making no mistake next time.

What He Said

THREE young men have been fined five dollars apiece by the cadi of Detroit for reading the cinema sub-titles aloud. What injustice! If I could be sure that someone would read the sub-titles for me, I would go to the pictures quite a lot, but no one has taken pity on me up till now. Why can't they have a nice pink gentleman in a nice white shirt to tell us what he said to her and what she said to him? The opticians won't support me in this, but I make the suggestion in all sincerity, and I nominate one of the young gentlemen from Detroit for the post in our local picture palace.

Hullo, Halo!

AT the Three Hundred Club's recent Sunday production of Mr. Richard Hughes' *Comedy of Good and Evil* at the Court Theatre, our programmes gave us detailed information about the Hon. Press Representative, the makers of wigs and costumes, and even the lenders of a wooden leg that played a prominent part. So far so good. But I was very grieved to find no mention of the artist who fashioned a glorious halo worn by one of the characters—also unnamed, by the way. It was a sort of super-creation in strass or organdi or something, rather like the transparent brims of those picture hats which other fellows' wives used to wear last summer, and it flopped about the poor man's face in a most alarming manner. I may have to wear a halo myself one of these warm sulphury days, and I'd like one from the maker to the "noble Three Hundred." It might be useful as a fan—or to keep the flies away. Name him!

The Slings and Arrows of Outrageous Misfortune

BY E. T. REED

RAMSAY MACTARGET: "Ye canna exa'kly say they werena' i' the tarrget, bit, man, they're michty puir *groupin'*, an' I juist propose tae ignorre them a'thegither"

Photograph *Bassano*

FROM ETHIOPIA TO ALBERT GATE

Ras Taffari Makonnen, the Prince Regent of Ethiopia, seated on the right of the Duke of York, photographed with his staff at No. 2 Albert Gate, where he stayed during his recent visit to London

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The End in Sight

Just a fortnight more, my gentles, and this wonderful season will have come to an end, and all the world, and the world *où l'on s'amuse*, will be scattering hither and thither.

It would be interesting to know what has been spent in entertaining in London alone during the last three months. The sum must be prodigious. With the revival of dances in private houses instead of in hotels, the florists must have had a bumper time, nor can butchers, bakers and other "purveyors" have had much cause to grumble when you think of all the ball suppers, the luncheons and dinners day after day. So, you see, gaieties are good for trade—a fact you can never get a Socialist to admit.

Cowes promises to be very gay and very full, many of the Oversea visitors remaining on for Goodwood and the great yachting week. But it is not yet known whether the Queen will accompany the King to Goodwood, or whether she will precede His Majesty to Cowes. The date of the Court's departure to Balmoral depends on the rising of Parliament, but the King and Queen will stay with Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles at Goldsborough Hall on their way North, and from Goldsborough the King is expected to pay his annual visit to the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Hall.

The Duke and Duchess of York will go to Balmoral after paying visits in Scotland, and there is a rumour that the Prince of Wales may pay a short visit to the U.S.A. on his way to his ranch in Alberta.

Photograph *G. P. U.*

A SERIOUS BUSINESS

Lady Cynthia Mosley with her little daughter Vivien, who presented a bouquet to the Duchess of York at the opening of a Fun Fair and Carnival in the grounds of St. Dunstan's last week in aid of the "Save the Children" Fund. It is pleasant to note that Miss Mosley, to judge by the solemnity of her expression, was fully alive to her responsibilities

A Fly in the Ointment

Whatever happens in this pleasant world, you will always find somebody grousing and grizzling and throwing vinegar. It is a lamentable complaint to suffer from—but what a lot of people have the microbe!

"I'm sorry, really sorry for all the girls who have come out this season," said a dowager, who earlier in the evening had startled us all by declaring that the Wembley Exhibition was "mere national vainglory," and a "flying in the face of Providence." She cited the Great Exhibition of 1851, when the trees in Hyde Park reposed under what is now the Crystal Palace, as the proof of her argument.

That Exhibition, she said, was meant to inaugurate an era of peace throughout Europe. It marked the beginning of the era of machinery which, according to the Victorians, was going to bring Utopia to the human race. Instead of all these wonders the Exhibition of 1851 was followed by twenty years of war. Starting with the Crimean War, this doleful old dowager rattled off a list of lamentable happenings—the Indian Mutiny, the wars between Austria and Prussia, between Austria and France—all culminating in the

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN

Mr. T. C. Lowry, the captain of the victorious Cambridge team, chatting with Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Fox at Lord's

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE TEA INTERVAL

Mr. G. E. B. Abell, the Oxford wicket-keeper, photographed with Mr. and Mrs. E. G. North during the 'Varsity match at Lord's last week

Franco-German War of 1870, which, she contended, was the actual parent of the Armageddon we've gone through in our time. Basing her argument on these wars she foresaw the gloomiest future for us because of Wembley.

Isn't it odd how you can fit anything into your own special *lubie*? It's just like texts in the Bible or quotations from Shakespeare. You can always find something that proves your own little point of view.

Naturally, after all this gloomy prophesying, we thought some special misery was in store for the girls who had been presented this year, and somebody asked, dolefully, "What in the world is going to happen to them, poor dears?"

"They will find every other season dull and empty in comparison with this year of Empire boasting," was the answer.

Well, perhaps there is something in what the old lady said. But I think even in what you call ordinary seasons there is quite sufficient going on to prevent young maidens finding things "dull and empty."

Photograph] COUNTRY LIFE IN THE HEART OF TOWN *[Central News*

Lady Alexandra Curzon (left), the Countess of Dalkeith and the Duchess of Westminster, on the opening day of the Fun Fair and Carnival at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park (the former headquarters of the Blinded Soldiers' Hostel) given in aid of the "Save the Children" Fund

Distractions to Eating

HAVE you ever been to a "stunt" party given by an Englishman or woman? I have, but only once. The host was a baronet and ought to have known better, but in his excuse it is only fair to say he had just come back from a visit to Hollywood. We all sat on hassocks on the floor and drank beer out of the bottle neck. Beer in the evening is an acquired taste, and drinking from the neck of a bottle whilst sitting on a hassock is a feat in acrobatics not to be entered upon lightly and without practice. The evening was a dismal failure. Most people look silly when sitting on hassocks, and beer is unpleasantly smelly when it is spilt.

The only persons giving "stunt" parties in London this season have been Mr. and Mrs. James Corrigan, the wealthy Americans who have taken Mrs. George Keppel's house in Grosvenor Street. But Mrs. Corrigan does not expect her guests to provide any part of the entertainment. She gives cabaret dinners at which some hundred folk and more are entertained by singers and dancers whilst they eat. People who appreciate their food find the counter attraction rather disturbing, I believe, but it is only the older folk nowadays who can tell you what they have had to eat when they have dined out. So the cooks can now sympathise with the parsons. Their dishes go into the same limbo as the parsons' sermons.

A Sale Royal

I HAVE heard several people express surprise because the Princess Royal is selling some of her pictures at Christie's,

Photograph *Topical*

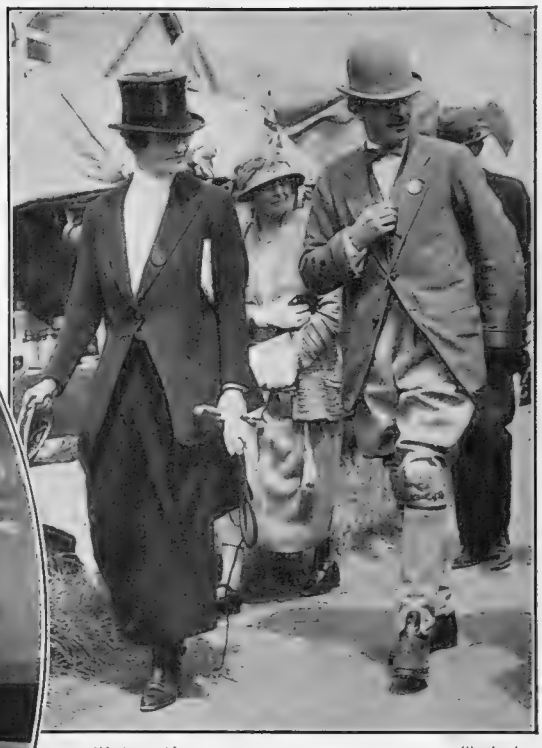
MAJOR THE HON. AND MRS. EDWARD LASCELLES

AT THE PETERBOROUGH FOXHOUND SHOW

Some of the many hunting folk who were present at the forty-second Foxhound Show at Peterborough last week, when twenty-four packs were represented, the standard being well up to average

Photograph *Topical*

LORD AND LADY WORCESTER



Photograph *Topical*

LADY IRENE CURZON AND MR. W. J. BAIRD

Photograph *Central News*

AN OLYMPIC GAMES INTERLUDE

The Prince of Wales congratulating H. M. Abrahams, the famous sprinter, after the first heat of the 200 metres race. Abrahams' brilliant win in the 100 metres is now part part of athletic history

but I don't see why they should be surprised. There used to be an unwritten law that Royal belongings should not be put up for public sale. Queen Victoria would not permit it, although the possessions of one of her uncles—the Duke of York—were put up to auction after his death.

As a matter of absolute fact the pictures which the Princess Royal is selling are in no way "Royal" possessions, except that they have belonged to her since her husband's death. They are all Fife pictures. The Reynolds's, I expect, will fetch big prices. I wonder what will be the fate of the portrait of that intrepid Duchess of Gordon, painted by Reynolds, who raised the Gordon Highlanders. Here is an opportunity for a rich Scotsman. To such a one—and there are many—I would say, "Buy the Duchess's portrait and present it to the regiment." I wonder if anybody will.

"Lords" and Ladies

All last week Lord's was a miniature Ascot, but more Ascotty for the last two days—the Eton and Harrow match—than for the 'Varsity match at the beginning of the week. Womankind, I think—but I'm quite willing to be corrected if I am wrong—take much more interest in the cricket of their Eton and Harrow belongings than in their Oxford and Cambridge belongings. At any rate they go to the Eton and Harrow match in far larger quantities, and wear far more beautiful clothes. But then a son or brother at Eton or Harrow is a much more exacting critic than a son or brother at Oxford or Cambridge in the matter of clothes worn by his feminine relations on such occasions.

A Duchess-Artist

For many years past delicate pencil portraits signed, "Violet Granby," and later "Violet Rutland," have been

Photograph] IN THE COLOMBES STADIUM [*Central News*

A scene in the Colombes Stadium, where the picked athletes of the world are meeting in the friendly rivalry of the Olympic Games. Our photograph shows: the Duke of Sutherland (left), Prince Henry, the President of the Olympic Games and the Prince of Wales

IN THE ROYAL BOX

The Royal Party watching the Pageant of Empire procession, which was a feature of the recent Heart of Empire Ball at the Albert Hall. Included in the group are the Queen of Spain, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Helena Victoria, Princess Marie Louise and Prince Arthur of Connaught

THE RANEE OF SARAWAK

In the gorgeous eastern dress she wore at the Albert Hall when she represented Sarawak in the Pageant of Empire procession

treasured possessions of their owners. The Duchess of Rutland began doing these pencil portraits when she was Marchioness of Granby, and there is scarcely a person of distinction during the last twenty years who has not sat to her.

But four years ago she gave up this delightful attention to her friends. Happily, her visit to America induced the Duchess to take up her pencil again. She was unable to withstand the temptation of the scenes and characters in *The Miracle*, in which her daughter, Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, played the nun. More happily still, the public has now an opportunity of seeing the Duchess's work at the Basil Dighton

Photographs *I. B.*

"ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND"

Part of the England group in the Pageant of Empire procession. England, represented by Lady Curzon, with her attendants, Lady Kathleen Rollo, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crighton, and Mrs. Dudley Coats

Galleries in Savile Row, where there is a room filled with her most recent as well as many of her earlier portraits. Lady Diana predominates, there being about forty sketches of her from her babyhood upwards, and many of her in *The Miracle*. Amongst other portraits there is a charming one of Miss Mary Pickford, and one of the Prince of Wales, sketched at White Lodge when he was two months' old. Mrs. Asquith, Lord Haldane, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Paderewski are all masterly studies. The Duchess of Rutland has a happiness in both character and likeness, which a great many catching professional portrait painters should envy.

The Empire Ball

In sheer splendour and colouring the processions at the Heart of Empire Ball at the Albert Hall surpassed anything I have ever seen of this kind. Lady Diana Cooper was Britannia of the Heart of Empire, a most imposing figure carried on a platform. Viscountess Curzon was England, and wore a magnificous train, embroidered all over with

Photograph *I. B.*

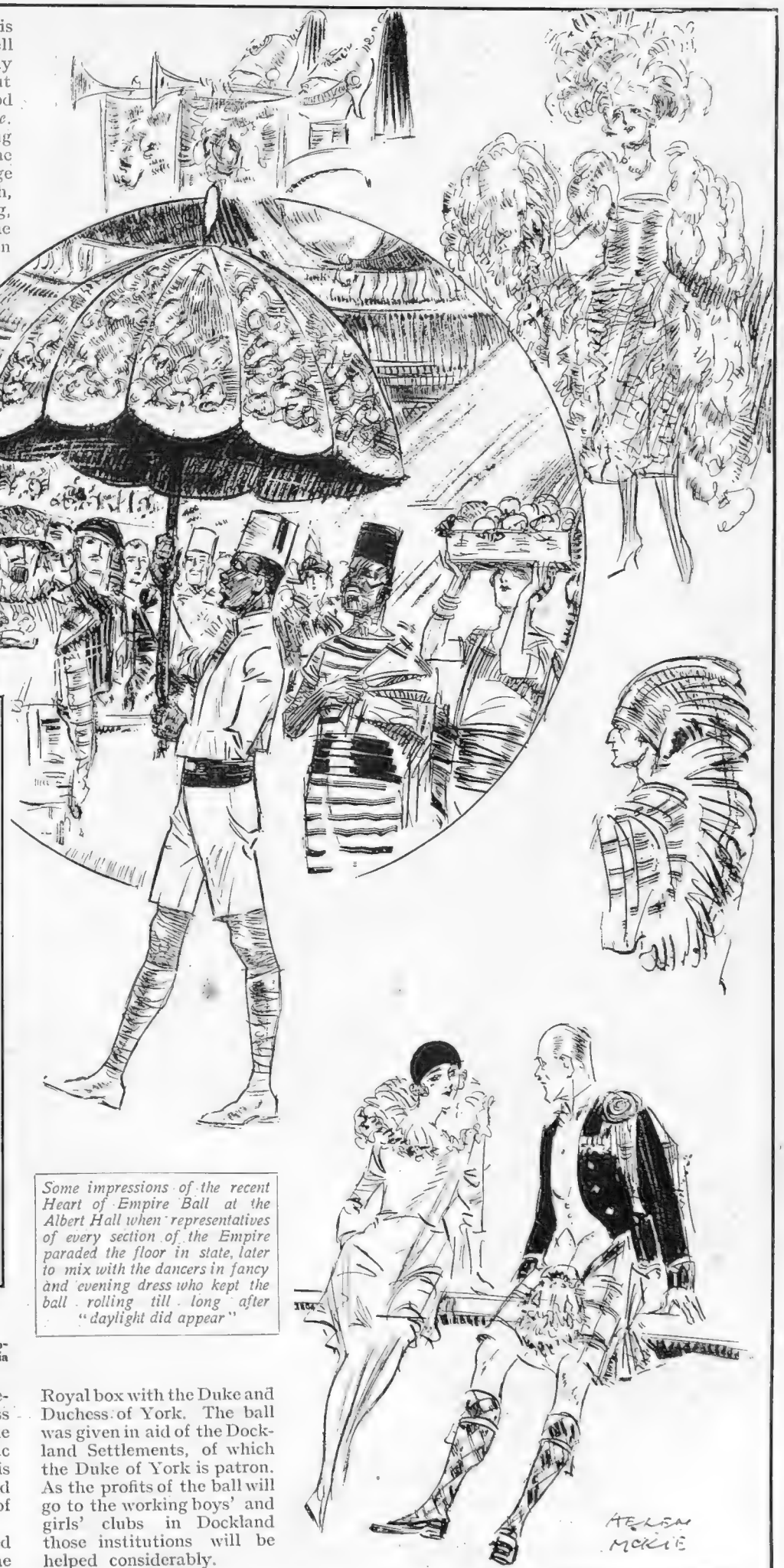
"AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE"

Another of the leaders of the Pageant of Empire procession, Miss Beryl Wiena, who represented Australia

The Marchioness of Linlithgow represented Scotland, and the Marchioness of Dufferin was Queen Deirdre in the Irish legendary group. She wore real Celtic ornaments of gold and silver. In this procession Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard was dressed after the fashion of the heroine of *The Immortal Hour*.

The Queen of Spain, who had dined previously with Lady Kylsant, was in the Royal box with the Duke and Duchess of York. The ball was given in aid of the Dockland Settlements, of which the Duke of York is patron. As the profits of the ball will go to the working boys' and girls' clubs in Dockland those institutions will be helped considerably.

Some impressions of the recent Heart of Empire Ball at the Albert Hall when representatives of every section of the Empire paraded the floor in state, later to mix with the dancers in fancy and evening dress who kept the ball rolling till long after "daylight did appear"



SKETCHES BY HELEN McKIE

BOUNDARY LINES

'VARSITY VARIETY

By "PENDARVES"

THERE is always a difficulty about the Lord's ground on an Oxford and Cambridge cricket match day. One never knows what to wear. You can't for the life of you remember what happened about this last year. Did one wear the tails and topper? Because if so they are both down at Eastbourne recovering from the aftermath of Marjorie's wedding last Thursday. Or did one go just as one was, don't you know?

As usual, we had a wealth of humour peacocking before our eyes when *le monde* strolled on the grass at tea-time on the Monday and discussed Oxford's pathetic 133—and each other. The skilled gentlemen who write on men's fashions (or do women write these brilliantly instructive articles?) must have had a busy time. I was suitably thrilled at reading the sensational news of one of these sartorial journalists who said "a more amazing variety of male fashions has seldom been seen at one of the social functions of the season. The glittering panorama of top-hatted Ascot and the meticulous *déshabillé* of Henley or Cowes (has he been to Cowes already this year?) were equally absent. Both styles were so jumbled that neither dominated the crowded and exclusive stands. . . ." Would you believe it? There is something really magnetic, isn't there, in the thought of "the glittering panorama of top-hatted Ascot"? I am only grieved at the thought of my top hat—a grey one—which has obstinately refused to glitter from date of purchase two and three-quarter years ago.

The pain and sensitive humiliation about the 'Varsity Match is not experienced by the Oxford opening batsman, who creeps dismally back to the silent Pavilion for 0. It is felt acutely by the individual who wears what appear to a hundred coldly staring eyes to be entirely *outré* garments. There was, for instance, an undergraduate there on Monday and Tuesday with his best and brightest "Sweetie," who looked as if an earthquake would be to him a welcome diversion. He, greatly daring, and egged on by a soul-less 'Varsity outfitter, had paraded in an intense tail-coat and one of the glittering tall hats above mentioned. This was all perfect. But his waistcoat was cut down to what one's unhonoured and unpaid tailor describes as "the waist line," displaying above an immense white expanse of dress-cum-night shirt. I felt rather sorry for this pioneer of fashion because his prestige was obviously declining in the Sweetie's eyes as steadily and as surely as the value of the Oxford batting.

Of course, there are the noble band of cricketing brothers congregated about the pitch on a 'Varsity day who don't, as the saying is, give two hoots in Houndsditch for what one should or should not wear. The men, I mean, who wear any old thing and an M.C.C. or Free Forester's tie. By such they hope to be judged by all men. They can visualise no higher standard. There are, too, the Faithful Followers. Most of us only see them *en masse* twice a year; at the Rugger Match, and at Lord's early in July. They are composed chiefly of whole chapters of Canons and whole courts of Bishops, often without the conspicuous leggings. Country parsons, who only refrain from cursing the passing motors down in Loamshire with a great effort daily, College Dons in grey flannel trousers, "Norfolk" jackets (do *you* remember this garment!) and clutched umbrellas which are never rolled even on a cloudless summer day.

These worthies may never have heard of the white evening waistcoat that has no back to it, but seven times out of ten they can tell you which is the Croft's '04 port and the Cockburn's '08—and at the tenth they are still quoting Thucydides with a perfect rhythm of tongue and the tolerant twinkle of eye.

It is largely to these Faithfuls that one owes the secret fun to be got in the Stands, if you pick your place carefully. They are nothing if not partisan. And they don't mix the 'Varsities in close packed propinquity if they can help it. Oxford is Oxford and Cambridge is, to them, the—er—other University and *vice versâ*; and they sit accordingly, by instinct rather than design. Thus you find yourself ecstatically in the midst of them, hearing:

"A great change in this place since my day. . . . It would have been impossible to bat against all those hooting motors in the St. John's Wood Road. . . . That fellow Franklin is trying to imitate Jack Hobbs, stealing inane runs like that. . . It's a poor batting side, very. . . I remember there was a Barnard up with me, Christ's was he or Caius? Let me see . . . A-h-h, that young man won't stay in long if he plays forward to those balls. . . ." Sinclair does so again and retires for 1 to a muttered accompaniment of "I should think so too."

Conversely, the fathers of Oxford frown austerely, not at the failure of their batsmen but at the miraculous luck of the Cambridge fielding, thus: "Now, you know, Taylor wouldn't be caught like that at second slip twice in a generation, don't you agree? Quite. . . Quite." Guise, having made "a most excellent 21, sir," attempts to hook a ball from Shirley, and is caught easily by Sherwell at the wicket. "He was perfectly right, absolutely. It came higher than expected. It got up to the shoulder of the bat. I should have done precisely the same, precisely. I recollect in '85, or was it '86? we were playing Keble, I was a Corpus man myself, a feller came in third wicket down, and the second ball of the over—or was it the third . . .?" "It's a slovenly fielding side, very, don't you agree? Quite . . . Quite." "Now in my day. . . ."

Our day will never be their day, and we thank God it is so.

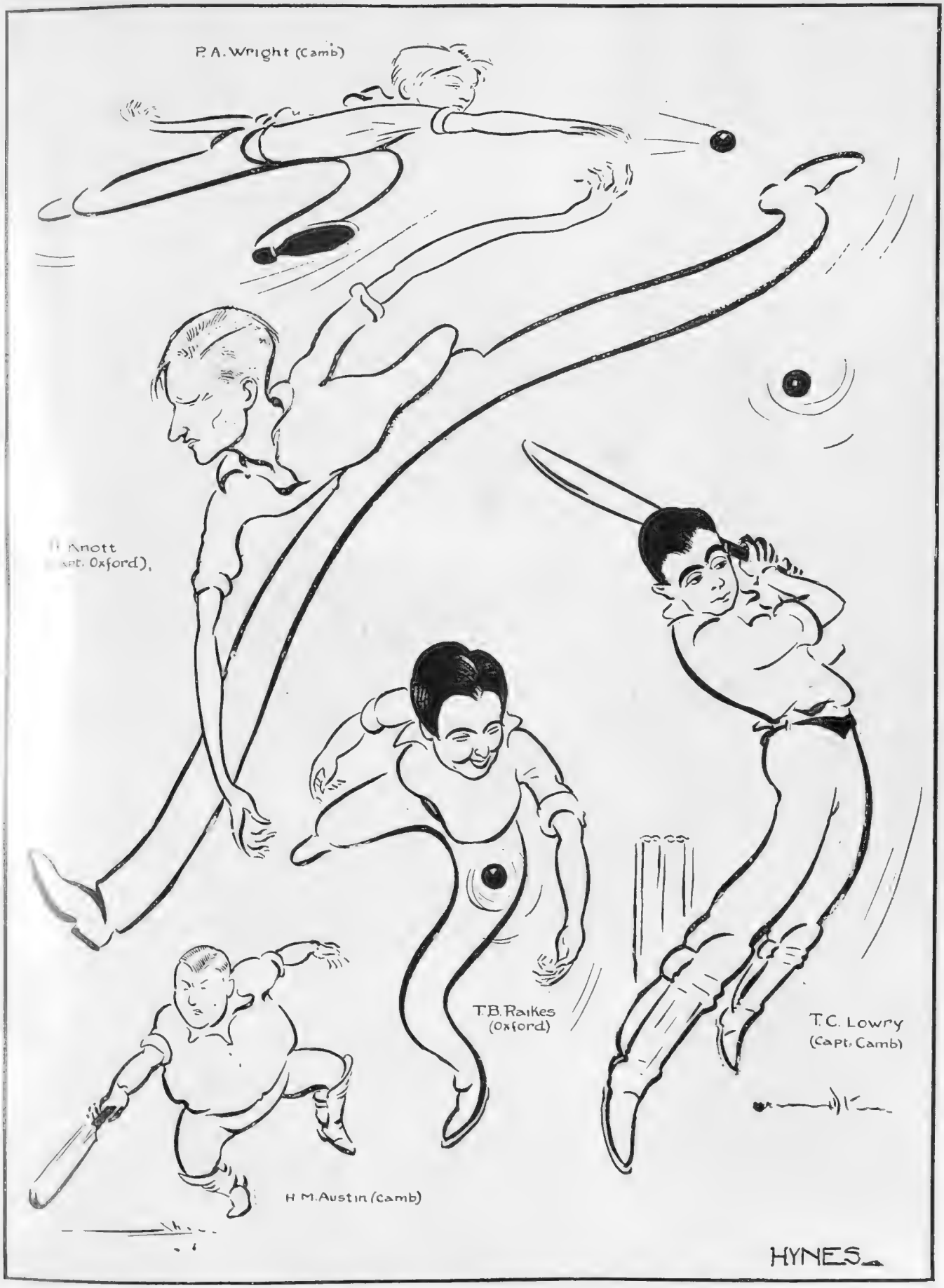
The curious thing is, so do they. But in a different language; and with a tranquillity of mind we can none of us attain—yet.

Photograph *Sport and General*

"AND THE WICKED SHALL PERISH—"

—the keeper of the Cambridge Wicked bailing out G. E. B. Abell, before he could put his racket down in the popping crease—a term which we believe has something to do with cricket. Mr. Abell, who is the Oxford Wicked-keeper, must have been very naughty, because the Cambridge Wicked-keeper had to bail him out again in the second innings. The first time it is called "run-out," the second time it is called "stumped"

All There!



BY HYNES

Five players who were "among those present" at the recent Inter-'Varsity match at Lord's when Cambridge achieved something of a walk-over with a nine wickets victory

Photograph] SOME JAPANESE HELPERS IN REGENT'S PARK *[I. B.*

Lady Arnold and five of the ladies who helped her at the Japanese stall in aid of the "Save the Children Fund" at the St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park. Names: Mme. Kuritu (left), Mme. Miyazaki, Lady Arnold and Mesdames Zeko, Mukai and Nakamuru

YOGO HAMA! WHO IS HE?

One has heard this query at the Clubs, in the paddocks, at dances, at bridge-teas—in fact everywhere where BYSTANDER readers meet and talk.

I don't mind this at all. It is good for the paper.

But now things are becoming serious. Every day my post-bag contains a heap of letters, wheedling, entreating, threatening: they all have the same query—WHO IS YOGO HAMA?

So I find I must crave your indulgence and make a public confession:

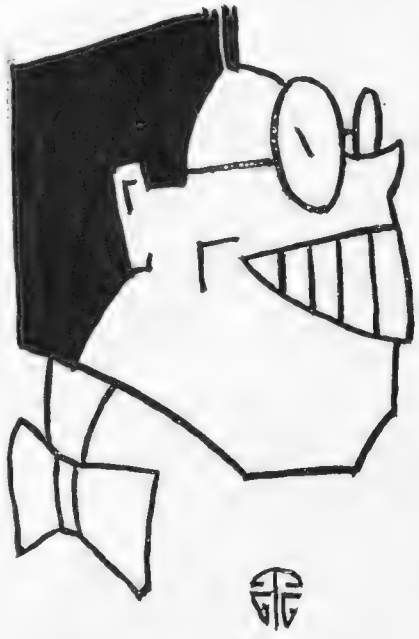
I DON'T KNOW!

His weekly contribution, neatly typed, appears mysteriously on my desk on the day that it is due. The very fact that copy should arrive to time is unusual! Sometimes it bears a London post-mark, sometimes the office of origin is in the country. He evidently flits about in most of the English counties and never stays long in any one place. Has any reader seen him?

Sometimes his copy is delivered by hand—at least, I presume it is by hand, for it is addressed:—HON. EDITOR,

"BYSTANDER."

And in one corner is always written the emphatic words *Very Urgents*: on



the other, in the same solid hand-writing, *By Hands*.

But by WHOSE hand? We have never been able to find out.

The weekly cheques in payment are made out to Yogo Hama and go through the bank in the usual way. The bank, as usual—unless it is a question of balance on the wrong side—preserves a stony silence.

The Japanese Embassy know nothing about him . . . .

WHO DOES?

The thing is becoming a nightmare with me. Only last week I found myself following a harmless Japanese student down Gower Street to ask him if his initials were Y. H. *They were.* But so, I believe, are the initials of thousands of other sons of Japan. One of these days I shall find myself jiu-jitsud.

WHAT is Yogo Hama?

Is it a man? A woman?? A ghost???

Has any reader met him? Is he anything like his sketch? Is his smile as bland and disarming?

He has become a modern Scarlet Pimpernel. He is more mysterious than any conjuror man who ever waved a Japanese flag on the music hall stage.

Has he a wife? Or a husband? I should like to see his children.

Some day perhaps we may learn the identity of this ebullient little person—meanwhile, if any reader sees him bobbing about may I be informed?

At present, if he is a mystery to you, he is quite as great a mystery to

Your harassed

EDITOR.

"Ladies' Day" at Hurlingham

Photograph *Central News*

AFTER THE BALL

An incident in the Ladies' Polo Match recently played at Hurlingham in which the Melton Mowbray team beat Hurlingham by four goals to one

Topical

LADY BRECKNOCK

Who is herself a polo player, was among the spectators who witnessed Melton Mowbray beat Hurlingham in a five chukkers game

Photograph *Topical*

LADY WARRENDER

Who, playing for Hurlingham against Melton Mowbray, scored the only goal for her side

Photograph *Sport and General*

ALL THE WINNERS

The victorious Melton Mowbray team which defeated Hurlingham. The group consists of : Miss M. Sheriffe, Miss B. Crawfurd, Miss S. Crawfurd and Miss Lexie Wilson

"To Have the Honour" at Wyndham's

Produced April 24, 1924

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a play about a Prince who turns out to be not a Prince at all, but just an engaging impostor, and everybody lives happily ever after. There is, of course, a good deal more in the play than this extremely brief summary. The chief interest lies in the well-drawn characters and the agreeably perfect acting. Mr. Simon Battersby, who is an artist, and his daughter Angela, who is a most delightful tomboy, have invited the Prince to their country cottage to meet a few of their neighbours. The Prince claims to hail from one of the buffer States of the Balkans, where both geography and history are equally transitory, and where spelling must surely be reckoned among the fine arts. The Battersbys met their Prince some time previously at Monte Carlo, and are looking forward eagerly to his visit, as he is such a pleasant young man. Besides, it gives you such a tremendous scoop to have a Prince drop in to dinner when the best of your neighbours cannot run to anything higher than a City Knight, or a Beer Baron or so.

THE Battersbys, being in the artistic line, are, naturally, a little unconventional. (I have met artists and I obtained my wisdom at first-hand.) Angela Battersby (Miss Faith Celli) is the first to appear before us. She emerges from the bathroom on the first floor in a dainty *peignoir*, and runs up and down the stairs in her imperfect attire until a few moments before the Prince is due to arrive. It is not for me to suggest, of course, that she hopes to be caught in her *déshabillé*, though the girls are so wary nowadays, and they have to invent all sorts of new tricks in their desperate eagerness to avoid being numbered among the Superfluous.

THE first guest to arrive is Jennifer, who has called, as it were, unofficially, in order to spy out the land. Jennifer has no surname on the programme, because for the first act or so she is merely a case of mistaken identity. She calls herself Mrs. Bulger, the widow of the great General of that name, famous alike for his valour and his expletives. Jennifer's chief anxiety is lest she should be increasing in weight, and she constantly puts her hand to her chin to convince herself that she is not acquiring a second one beneath it. Miss Madge Titheradge takes the part with delightful humour. Angela, hearing someone downstairs, darts out of an upper room, and carries on a lively conversation, while at the same time fiercely brushing her unruly mop of hair. She explains to Jennifer that the Battersbys have the reputation in the neighbourhood of always being late, so she may as well live up to it.

THEN other guests arrive. There is Captain Holt, a plain, stolid soldier, who regards the Prince as a sort of superior officer and announces that he shall just call him "Sir" and nothing more. Mrs. Faithfull rather favours a form of address with a "Highness" or so in it, and her manner of speaking inconsequential nothings as if they were matters of import is extremely amusing. Mrs. Faithfull, an extremely correct lady, has brought her daughter Imogen, who is just emerging from the flapper stage, and who is present in case the Prince should feel matrimonially inclined. Imogen has been practising curtseys and ceremonial bows in the hope of making herself look more distinguished in the Princely eyes, because, of course, you never know.

IN due time everything is ready for the arrival of the exalted guest, and the general feeling of nervous apprehension among the company is most laughably manifested. The strained silence is clearly oppressive, and now and again someone, by way of affecting to be uninfluenced

by the general tension, blurts out some fatuous remark that nobody else seems to regard as at all helpful. Even the local practitioner, a gentleman of avowed Republican sympathies, is annoyed to find himself unaccountably flustered by the impending arrival of a mere Prince. Finally the Prince arrives, and his easy manner makes everybody feel at home at once. He clearly regards himself as one of the family from the start. Then Mrs. Jennifer Bulger, who has timed her entry with nice precision, is duly announced; but it happens that at that moment the Prince, in his homely way, is busy handing cocktails to the ladies, so that he has no hand available for her to shake or kiss.

AFTER dinner most of the guests drift into the garden, leaving the Prince and Mrs. Bulger together for quite a while. I have never myself entertained Royalty, but I should think it a little strange if my Prince monopolised the attentions of one of the ladies for so long. But this scene is necessary in order to show us that the Prince is really a fraud. He is Mr. Michael Brown of Tooting or some place like that, and Mrs. Jennifer Bulger is plain Mrs. Brown. The plain part of her is her name, of course. Miss Madge Titheradge, who plays the part brilliantly, can safely guarantee the charm of the lady's personality. Mr. Brown, it seems, forsook his wife some four years previously, as he found he could have more fun without her. The case is not, I believe, without precedent. He has been living by his wits, and as his wits have been very resourceful, he has been living very well indeed. Mrs. Brown rather wistfully hopes that her husband will now come back to her, but he assures her that he has not the least intention of doing anything of the kind.

THEN Jennifer tells the "Prince" (we have to put him in inverted commas now) that if he has come to dazzle Angela Battersby into loving him for his pretended rank, he is barking up the wrong tree, or some very similar feat of futility. In fact she tells him that if he does not clear out of the house, where he has been asked to spend the night, before noon on the morrow, she will borrow a magnifying glass and invite the household to try and find where his non-existent kingdom in the Balkans is shown on the map. As it happens the "Prince" forestalls the lady with delicious impudence. After all, she is not entirely blameless, as she has been received with credit in the neighbourhood as the widow of the great General Bulger, who was about as real as the Prince's buffer State.

IN an amusing third act the "Prince" confesses to Angela Battersby that he is not really the Prince, and in excusing the fraud he embarks upon a career of playful mendacity which will compare favourably with the highest stage precedents. Indeed, some of his inventions are so daring that it is as much as Jennifer can do to keep her countenance; and her playful asides here and there during his explanation are extremely droll. The story ends with a delicately sentimental scene between husband and wife, which is as dainty an outbreak of the kind as can be imagined. The burden of the acting is born by Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Titheradge, who seem to be thoroughly enjoying their parts. The strength of the play is in the dialogue, which, while maintained at a high level for most of the time, has a way of dropping occasionally into mere back-chat. But it is all very amusing, and should satisfy the patrons of Wyndham's Theatre for many months. JINGLE

PARISIANA. By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"And reappeared before her father *à la garçonne*".

MES AMIS—

A *ban*, a *triple ban* for the Folies-Bergère. They have eclipsed everything. I suppose one can become satiated with perfection, but, at the moment, I feel that I, for one, would never ask to see anything better in the way of spectacular *revue*. It is a masterpiece in the *genre*.

IT is a pity that, after its run here, it could not be transported bodily to London to give British music-hall patrons a supreme demonstration of what can be done in the way of artistic production by French managers, but I am afraid it would not pass the censor, although there is very little room for criticism on that side in comparison with the bedroom plays that sneak through.

THIS has been a wonderful season of successful effort to give of the best in the theatre. One after another producers have passed their previous high-water mark. But it has been the prerogative of the Folies-Bergère to mount to the highest level of distinction. *Cœurs en Folie* is not only the best thing that has been done for years at this house; it is the best that has ever been done there. It is always perilous to make an all-embracing claim, but I sincerely doubt if it is an over-statement to say that it is the finest spectacular *revue* which has ever been presented on the modern stage.

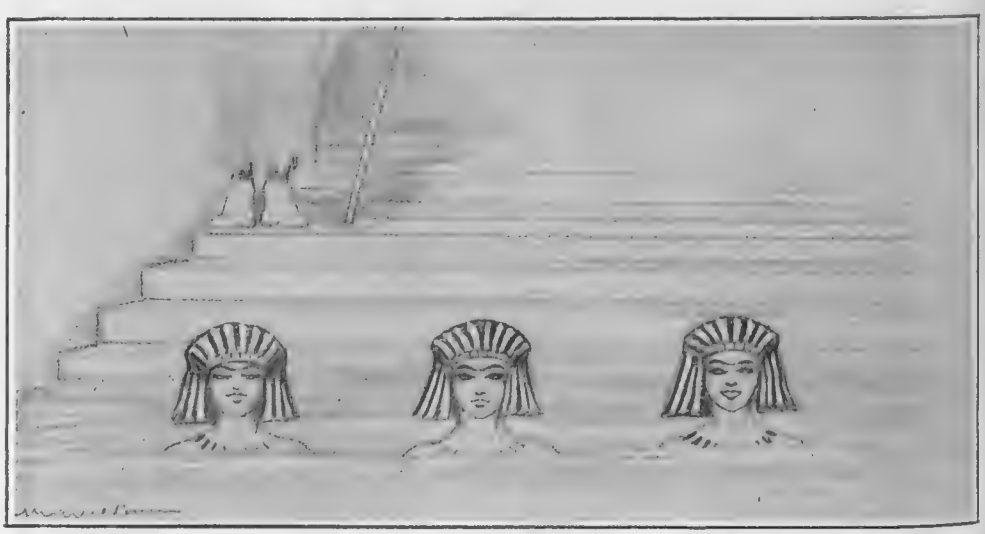
ONE after another the grand-scale *tableaux* rob you of the power to find further phrases to indicate your admiration of scenic *chefs-d'œuvre*. You search for a false note, be it ever so small, to see if there has not been a lapse somewhere, but that magician in colours from Marseilles, M. Lemarchand, has dipped truly every time. In such circumstances it would be futile to try to give a description of even the principal *tableaux*, for it would require several thousand words. Personally—though only by a narrow margin—I liked best of all the Fête de Bonaparte and the finale, a scene on the Nile, where rank after rank of gorgeously dressed *figurantes* march stolidly down into the river and disappear gradually under the water. You can see the air bubbles come to the surface as they tread their way down.

THIS is one of the cleverest pieces of stagecraft ever presented in Paris and sets all the spectators asking one another how it is done. The Fête de Bonaparte is an ecstasy in crimson and gold. I suppose I have seen every essay in the spectacular that has been put before the Parisian public within recent years, but I have never known *ensembles* received with such a volume of irrepressible "Oh's," followed by thunderous applause. Bravo, M. Lemarchand!

BARBERS, it appears, are not to have all their own way with the scissors. Up to now they have sheared their destructive path amid the glory of woman, bobbing and shingling, contemptuously ignoring the hostility of husbands who would liked to have scalped them. But the Figaros may have to come down to the plane of modesty. The question of consent is to be raised. And if the precedent is established in the test case, the *coiffeurs* will probably think it advisable to get the opinion of a husband before presenting him with a shorn pate *accompli*.

ACTION is to be taken by a courageous Deputy, the father of a pretty *brune* of seventeen. While he was busy legislating, the *demoiselle* had her tresses snipped off and reappeared before her father *à la garçonne*. Indignant, the Deputy insisted on being given the address of the *coiffeur* who had perpetrated what he considered an outrage. And having obtained this, he immediately despatched him the necessary legal documents "for having without securing paternal authorisation, *massacré la chevelure d'une mineure*." If the father wins, a number of husbands of "bobbed" wives are ready to follow with actions against barbers for not having obtained "marital" authorisation. The cropper cropped.

RENÉ.



"Down into the river"

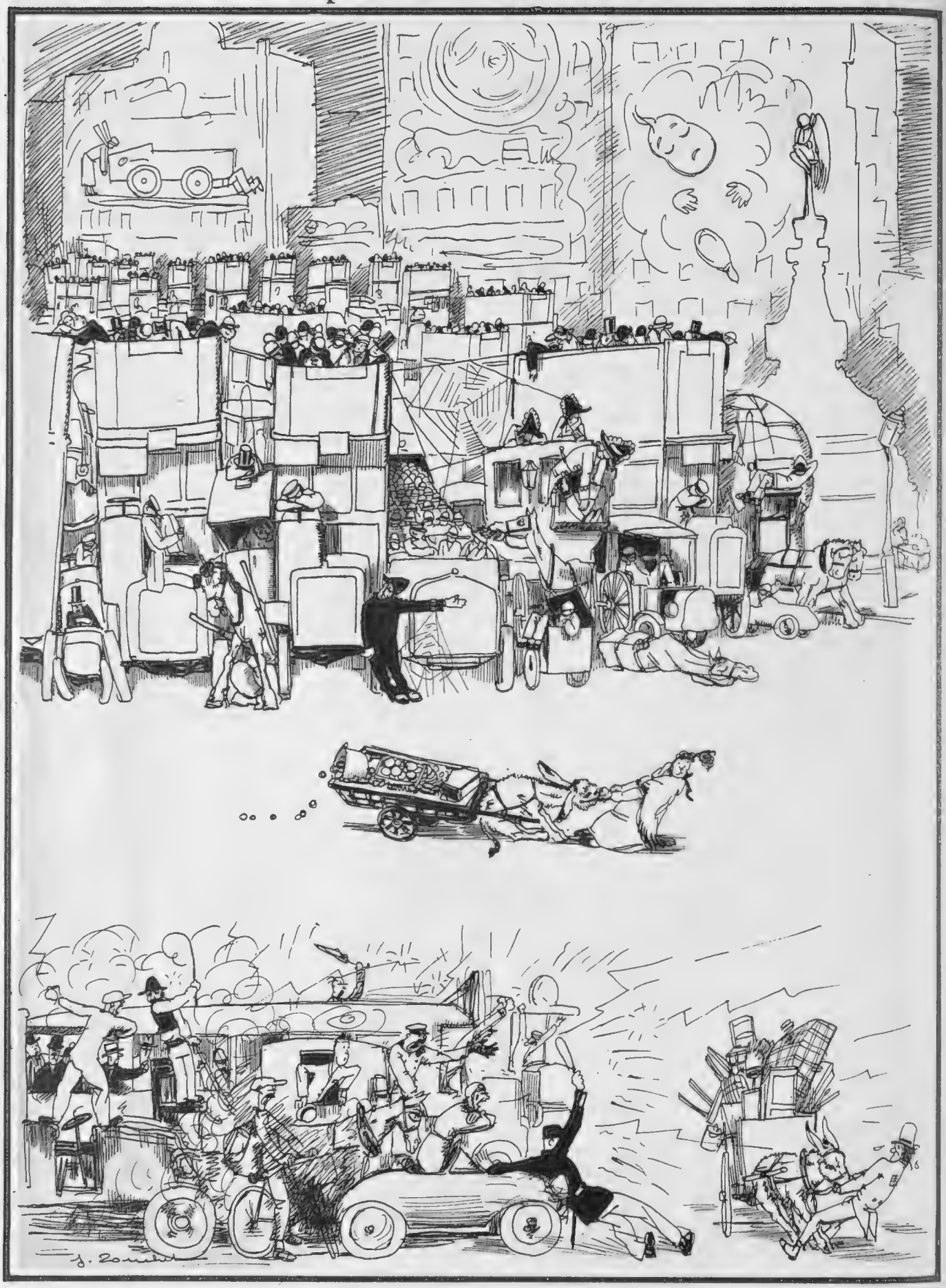
On With the Dance

Photograph *Sasha*

MISS MARJORIE HALL

Who dances in the film version of "The Beloved Vagabond." Miss Hall was trained by Enrico Cochetti, who has taught many well-known dancers including Pavlova, Nijinsky and Lopokova

Stop and S'arrêter—

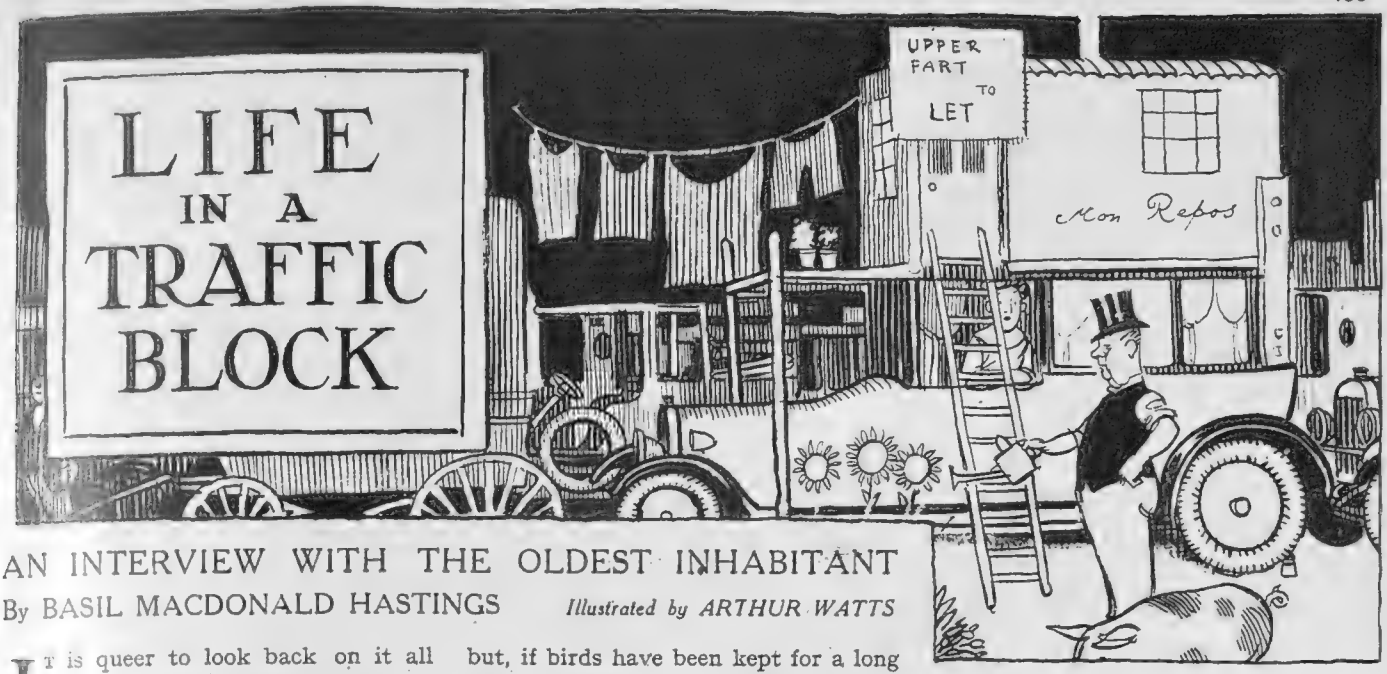


BY J. TOUCHET

—A VERY FREE TRANSLATION

A study in contrasts between the traffic problems of London and Paris, as a French artist sees it

LIFE IN A TRAFFIC BLOCK



AN INTERVIEW WITH THE OLDEST INHABITANT

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS *Illustrated by ARTHUR WATTS*

It is queer to look back on it all now that we've been moved on. Somehow I quite got to like our pitch in Regent Street, and, when we come to another dead stop in Oxford Street, life took on a different complexion. The change of air doesn't agree with the child, for one thing, and our [illegible] little ewe-lamb, of course, has lived in Regent Street all her life.

There were some heart-rending scenes when the police gave us the word to advance. Some of the vehicles had been horse-pulled, for instance, and, as the horses had to be buried when they died of senility, some beautiful little tombstones came to be erected between the shafts. One behind our car read, "Sacred to the memory of Dobbin, aged 24 years, an early victim of the Traffic Block."

Before the traffic could move on again, the various carts that had lost their horses had to be roped on to the tail of the motor-vehicle immediately preceding them, and any tombstone between the shafts had to be knocked down. The police did the demolition work kindly, but many an aged driver sobbed like a child.

Then there were the gardens. Very few of us had failed to turn up the borders of the little plot of road we occupied, and the tops of some of the cars were a picture. I kept my little family in salads easily, and had one or two good years of peas and beans, having the luck to be stranded next to a lamp-post. A funeral hearse did well with tomatoes and cucumbers because of its glass sides. Now the gardens were poor enough affairs, but they had been a great consolation to us all in our long years of waiting, and I saw many a fellow near me bite his lip as his little plot passed from view.

Then there were the chickens. No necessity to leave them behind, of course, but, if birds have been kept for a long time between the wheels of your automobile, they fret when suddenly shoved into the bonnet. Moreover, mine are White Leghorns which thrive on Regent Street soil, whereas nothing does really well, we find, in Oxford Street but Rhode Island Reds. But all breeds have stopped laying at the moment owing to the shock of the move. To be suddenly transferred to the exterior of Selfridge's after living for years near the Goat Club apparently affects birds as well as humans.

"Many an aged driver sobbed like a child"

I shall never forget how it fell to my lot to live in a traffic block. I was on my way to get married, and you can imagine how distressed I was when the stoppage came. You see I was driving my own car, and after the ceremony Muriel and I were to go off in it for a motoring honeymoon. We'd planned this because we could not get a house and were going to live the hotel life for a bit. I explained all this to a policeman, but he was not very sympathetic.

In the old days, of course, I could have left the car and walked to the church, as long as I secured the services of someone to drive in case of a move during my absence. But as traffic blocks became more and more serious, so did the congestion on the pavements increase. In the end, so many people deserted their omnibuses and cars to walk to their destinations that the streets became choked and movement well-nigh impossible. The government of the day naturally took the side of the ordinary pedestrians whose paths were invaded by carriage-folk, and before very long the pavements were reserved for those only who had a license to use them.

The Walk-License Department was established on the ruins of Wembley, and provided employment for ten thousand sullen Socialists. In order to obtain one of these licenses it was necessary to show your Income Tax receipts. If you paid no income-tax, and so presumably were a pauper, you received authority to walk where and when you pleased. If your income exceeded £500 p.a. you were licensed to walk out on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, but must ride in public vehicles on other days. Earners of from one thousand to two thousand pounds were privileged to walk on one day a week and had choice of the day.

Those over the £2,000 mark were permitted to ambulate on Sundays only, and those receiving over £10,000 a year were warned off all pavements.

Hence it came about that, once in a traffic block, there you must remain till the police moved you on. When I thought of Muriel waiting in the porch of the church, I suffered untold agonies, and actually contemplated violating the law and taking to walking without a license. But the policeman's eye was on me. Then I got a very bright idea.

"Stop one of those things over there," I cried.

"Seems to me everything's stopped already, sir," he retorted, for are not many of our constables expensively educated?

"I mean one of those things that is moving."

"You'll have to name it, sir," he protested.

"I know. It begins with a 'p.' Yes. Pip. Pup. Pat. Pet. Pod. Ped. Got it. Pedestrian. Stop one of those pedestrians."

The policeman grounded a young one, flying low, and I tendered him half-a-crown in return for carrying a message to the church.

Half an hour later, Muriel, my blushing bride, the twelve bridesmaids, the four pages, the bride's mother, the verger, the organist, the sacristan and an assistant curate, none of whom paid income tax, all arrived on foot, and we had the first Traffic Block Wedding. You can imagine how the newspapers revelled in it. Afterwards, of course, affairs of that sort became a commonplace, and, alas! not a few funerals, but I have the honour of being the first man to take a wife in the middle of Regent Street.

Then came the task of fitting out our temporary home. Following the example of the occupants of the vehicles parked around us, we pulled the inside of the car out and made twin bunks, which can hardly be rivalled for comfort. Then we got an oil stove, a few pans and plenty of food and joined the *Times* Lending Library. The policeman on the beat was perfectly splendid. Touched by the romance of our union, he helped in many ways. I gave him the money to buy us a waterproof tent, and in his spare time he helped us to fix it firmly on the roof of the car. This made a second room in our motor-home, and we were in the proud position of being able, upon occasion, to put up a friend.

Mark you, there were hardships. It's nothing to be caught in a stoppage now. All you have to do is to ask a passing pedestrian to go into one of the big stores and get you a "Traffic Block Outfit." That covers sleeping-bag, cocktail mixer, Mah Jong and a thousand tablets of "Blocko," which, when dissolved in the mouth, obviate all eating and drinking. But in our day, a traffic block was a traffic block. We didn't get the knack of cooking for a long time, and Fortnum and Mason's were sold out before eleven every morning. Then there was the cold in the winter and the heat in the summer to be faced. All modern vehicles are fitted with electric fires and electric fans, but we often shivered and many residents in taxi-cabs got sunstroke. Life is no joke when your only chance of keeping dry is to turn your two-seater upside down and live under it.

But, when we got accustomed to things, we were happy enough. The Regent Street air is delicious in the early morning, and often I used to watch the scavengers hosing the pavements. Then would come the milkman, filling the cans which hung on each door handle. The next visitor would be the newsboy, who brought us all the daily papers, and, once a week, "The Traffic Block Illustrated Pioneer." You can imagine how welcome the postman was. By the way, you would like to know my address, I'm sure. "J. Smith-Robinson, Esq.," it read, "Sunbeam, 30 h.p., between Hope Bros. and Mark Cross, Regent Street, London, W."

Fine days were spent in paying calls, and we got to know some quite decent people in buses. A piano van was turned into a concert room, and opera-singers used to warble to us sometimes from the pavements, the police, splendid as usual, looking the other way. I believe a rather Bohemian group just by Swan and Edgar's actually got up some theatricals on the roof of a Daimler, but only those near at hand could say if it were Shakespeare or not. Athletics, with the exception of auction bridge, were out of the question, but the care of gardens and the painting and re-painting of our cars kept us fairly fit. Crime was practically unknown in the whole area of the block, the only cases of assault occurring when the Inland Revenue man came round for the motor-car licenses.

I suppose we shall now settle down in Oxford Street, and, after all, new places are always interesting. Our little Sunbeam—I christened her after the car, you know—is wild with excitement, even if the enervating air of the district is bad for her glands. My wife says: "If this excites her, wait till she goes into a house for the first time!" But I think she got her greatest shock yesterday. I had always told her that motor-cars moved, but I'm sure she thought I was teasing, and now will never get over the sensation of seeing the wheels go round. B. M. H.

TROUBLE BREWING

By Stan Terry

"Your new typist seems to be dotty on teas"
"I wouldn't mind that, but she crosses her eyes"

A YOUTH who came down the helter-skelter at Wembley had his trousers badly torn by a nail. Coming down to brass tacks can be a painful proceeding

BY RENE VINCENT

A BALD STATEMENT OF FACT

THE FLOWER MARKET

OF THE MADELEINE

At "Oddy's"

BY NICK

MME. DORA STROEVA

The Russian singer, whose artistry at "Chez Fysher" has drawn London to Oddenino's and has given "cabaret" a new meaning

The cult of the Cabaret

No. II—CHEZ FYSHER

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

We have known Oddenino's restaurant all our lives. But not in its present guise. For now the French have taken it over temporarily, not in management, but in song. It is now *le vrai Paris à Londres*. The famous Paris cabaret troupe, known throughout Europe and America as "Chez Fysher," have been wheedled away from their haunt just off the Avenue de l'Opera, in the height of a Parisian season, to London. This has been a difficult deed well done.

I am not of those who say you can't get real cabaret in England by the English; on the contrary, The French artiste does it merely in a different manner, which some insular people profess to dislike because they don't understand a word that is being sung. But the whole character of the "Chez Fysher" show is an education, in the sense that it proves clearly enough what can be done by sheer personality as against powder, paint and pandemonium. And you are held enthralled by the whole *timbre* of the business, even if your knowledge of the French language is confined to such expressions as "*Garsong, donnez moi l'additiong.*"

I saw a very *chic monde* at Oddenino's the other night, seven-tenths of whom I would wager did not understand more than one word in twenty of the French items, and less than one of the Russian, sung by Madame Stroeva. And yet we all sat very still for over an hour, and nobody struck matches at inopportune moments, which is the way of cabarets, because they had forgotten all about their cigarette cases for the time being.

Oddenino's has merely the air of Paillards in Paris, or some place of that *genre*, when you come in to supper. There is no arresting decoration beyond four large pink crinoline lamps; and you discuss with the other man a choice of the 38 champagnes they offer you, much in the same words of wisdom you would use elsewhere, whether you know anything about champagne or not. But as the clock creeps round towards midnight you become subtly conscious of an unusual air of anticipation brooding over the place. Everyone, of course, is terribly "Mayfair" in manner—and yet perked up already, they know not why. You remember that this was the place where a now famous person came in the long ago and asked to be allowed to play the piano at supper and sing for £20 a week. He, being then unknown, was laughed at, and told he might come for a shilling per *couvert*. He did, and his weekly earnings soon averaged thrice his named sum.

You wonder if some such surprise will be sprung upon you from behind those crushed strawberry curtains at the far end of the room. It is. Fysher formed his original little cabaret in Paris behind white shuttered shop windows, towards which his galvanic personality began to draw idle and curious Parisians. Then Fysher found a woman. Thereafter, very quickly, because news of novelty in Paris spreads like dust before the wind, the crush behind those shuttered shop-windows became almost insupportable.

Nilson Fysher has found many people who have started from that little shuttered shop to climb—some of them three rungs at a time—the difficult ladder of dramatic fame. But it will be a long time before he finds another woman so interesting, so compelling the attention, as Dora Stroeva, the Russian.

There is an utter lack of *mise en scène* about this cabaret show. There is merely a grand piano, with an incomparable accompanist in Serge Walter; there is Gaudot, who tells you, in delightful ditty, that "*si vous aimez les fleurs vous aimerez les femmes*," a platitude perhaps, but as sung how tweaking to the sense of naughty humour. And there is Stroeva.

She just walks in, in the gloom. A dark woman, in dead black, with a pale face and a guitar; a white gardenia on her breast and a pink scarf thrown carelessly round her neck. They throw a beam of light from somewhere on to her face, and her sad dark eyes hold the entire room stone still; waiters, inveterate fidgeters, cynics, the unimaginative, the flippants become as graven images where they stand or sit, while she sings in a deep contralto, in Russian—about what? Russia? Who knows? It is of no moment. She has been through horror upon horror. But there is not tragedy in that face, just poise and skilfully suppressed emotion of a rather terrible kind, and an intimate knowledge of matters upon which one does not dwell in these places of sanctuary and nights of peace.

All we *blasé* Londoners are enthralled, mystified, despite our petty selves. Then she sings, in English, "What'll I Do?" and all the sorrows of the world are in that waltz voice now, it is a resigned plaint of delicious melody. This woman has no illusions about life. They have all been killed, somewhere, at some dread time. And yet it does not depress you. It magnetises you into vociferous applause when she has finished. You have never heard anything quite like this.

Then Fysher sings, to whet the appetite for more of Stroeva's queer *chansons*. The men are mere foils to her elegance and artistry. Again she sits nonchalantly on the piano, this time with a banjo, and looks down impassively from the eminence of her knowledge of the world, of women—and of men. Her technique is perfect. The propinquity of the cabaret is very pronounced here; it is a small room as rooms go, and we have all heard people with banjos before. We doubt whether we want to hear them again. But Stroeva is not like any of these. She is a past mistress at the art of holding, gripping tight though with a light hand, a close packed, coldly staring audience. This particular form of cabaret art can surely go no further.

When the Chez Fysher cabaret is finished there would, in the ordinary way, be a terrible anti-climax and the yawning of people with recently pent up feelings. This is obviated by a simple device. A lamp. The Nilson Fysher lamp (for it was his idea) is quite the most wonderful lamp of its kind in London. It hangs on high in the middle of the oblong dance floor. It is fire red. It is bell-shaped. And it throws a glow upon the men and women who pirouette within its beams in such a manner that every dance frock upon any woman looks three times as becoming as it does in the chill, calculating dawn; every man notices this—and every woman, pretend she never so dexterously, is comforted by the thought. Outside the fire-red beams there is the provocative, intimate gloom, the almost dark. But every man, be he not a dancer but a prancer, and every woman, be she tired though tolerant of his shortcomings upon the floor, is drawn thither as the moths from the dark of the garden to the fatal glare in the supper room—though not to death as the moth is, but to a delight, qualified a little by his dancing, but compensated by the knowledge that she, at any rate, is looking her very special best.

We shall not have the Fysher folk with us very long; Paris, missing them, is beginning to complain of their absence; and New York, though understanding still less perhaps than we of Dora Stroeva's actual words, realised the financial "draw" of her presence when she was with them recently, and they are seeking her again in a voice against the power of which it is difficult for mere humans to argue. So those who have not heard her must hurry.

Motley Musings

A PROMINENT ecclesiastic declares that there is no hell. If that is correct, we should like to know where our golf and tennis championships have gone to.

. . . . . .

MANY Labour M.P.'s are in favour of the abolition of the death penalty. We should have thought that Socialists would have considered murder to be a Capital offence.

. . . . . .

"EVERYONE ought to be able to meet his expenses," writes a correspondent. We meet ours at every corner.

. . . . . .

AND the "L" in the British £ion is still a bit below par.

. . . . . .

There was an old fellow called Melhuish,
Who took with his tea, as a relhuish,
Some crude paraffin
Mixed with Benedictine,
A mixture that strikes us as helhuish!

. . . . . .

IT is obviously right that Daylight Saving should become a permanent institution. We certainly can't save anything else.

. . . . . .

TWO rival laundries in a West of England town have compromised over a law-suit. They seem to have ironed out their grievances quite satisfactorily.

. . . . . .

ANY man in the U.S.A. who futively reaches for his hip-pocket is regarded enviously by other thirst-sufferers.

. . . . . .

THE strange thing about the Fourth of July is that England has never made it a national holiday!

UP! ENGLAND

[A Mr. Cohen of England recently won the Draughts Championship.]

1

Awake, some lyric bard and break the silence;
"Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour!"
Let the loud shout of praise be heard a mile hence:
Let alien cravens cower!

2

What does it matter if the pessimistic
Declare we're decadent in brutal crafts?
What though we're whacked in contests known as "fistic,"
When we're supreme at draughts?

3

Let the proud Yankee arrogantly capture
Golf championships and other mundane things;
Republicans like them can't know the rapture
Of crowning lots of kings!

4

Cohen, your hand. Few triumphs have been greater.
Your native London beams with pride at you.
Maybe at Halma soon your H'alma mater
Will hail you champion, too!

. . . . . .

OUR Weekly Wail: The hand that rocks the cradle spoils the port.

"WHAT is money, daddy?" asked three-year-old Pamela.

"You'll find it in the dictionary," sighed her parent, as he wrestled with Schedule D.

. . . . . .

IT was in Paradise that Mrs. Jones met her old crony, Mrs. Huggins.

"An' 'ow do you find things, Mrs. H?" she enquired.

"Oh, dearie," replied the latter, "the clouds are so wet, and the 'arp is so 'eavy, and try as I may, I can't get 'old of the tune nohow!"

. . . . . .

LONGFELLOW REVISED

I went to H'arrow on the Hill:
It fell to dad to foot the bill;
But swiftly though I left, I swear,
No one could be moth-Eton there!

. . . . . .

THEY had got to the Wembley turn-stiles when he discovered that he had left his purse at home. "Ah, well, the woman always pays," she remarked, resignedly.

. . . . . .

On her poor little head I saw Gertie go,
Overcome by a seizure of vertigo.
"Excuse me, my dear,"
Said a man standing near,
"Do you live here or have you got furtigo?"

. . . . . .

"THOSE umpires are lazy brutes," remarked a fair damsel at Lord's to her companion. "They never lift a finger to help the poor bowlers!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Etiquette: No, it is not correct to use a sponge for your soup.

Flapper: Ben Jonson did not write, "Wink to me only with thine eyes."

HARTLEY CARRICK

THE EGOTIST

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"What makes you think he is conceited?"
"He had a birthday last week and he sent a telegram to congratulate his mother"

"O What a Tangled Web We Weave..."

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

One of those little Society scandals which are always carefully hushed up

Some Pleasant People

Photograph *Central News*

LADY WAVERTREE'S "INVITÉES"

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen with Miss Rosemary Hall Walker and a Chinese representative who did not compete at Wimbledon

Photograph *Central News*

QUITE A LAUGHING MATTER

A happy snapshot of Commander G. C. Dillon, R.N., of H.M.S. Iron Duke, leaving St. Martin-in-the-Fields with his bride, Miss Helen Watson (Lady Cowdray's niece), after their marriage

Photograph *Alfieri*

BEFORE THE CAPTAINS AND THE QUEENS DEPARTED

Lady Wavertree and some stars of the Wimbledon firmament, including Mlle. Lenglen, Miss Ryan, Mrs. Wightman, Miss Goss, Miss Colyer, Miss Austin, Miss Betty Nuttall, Messrs. Hunter, Kingscote, Richards, Brookes, Doust and the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, at Lady Wavertree's tournament in aid of the Hackney Branch of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. You can play at spotting more celebs. if you like!

in Pleasant Places

Photograph *Central News*

SEEING WEMBLEY IN COMFORT

Her Majesty the Queen of Spain with her daughters, the Infanta Beatrice and the Infanta Christina, on a railodok tour of the British Empire—Wembley variety

Photograph *Central News*

AT HURLINGHAM

The Duke of Connaught with Lady Snagge, snapped at Hurlingham after the final of the inter-regimental polo tournament when the Lancers beat the Gunners by nine goals to three. The Duke presented the cup to the winners

Photograph *Topical*

A GATEWAY TO THE EAST

The Queen of Spain (behind whom is her mother, Princess Beatrice) with her two daughters leaving the Burma pavilion during their recent visit to the British Empire Exhibition. The Royal party was received by Lieut.-General Sir Travers Clarke

VERA CLARKE AND WINIFRED ARTHUR.

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Service is designed solely to please.

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YOGO HAMA THE CICERONE

" Shooting bows and arrows at Newington Butts "

Most Dear Hon Sir—

My attentions have been drawn to the esteemed fact that many innumerous persons, home, colonial and overseas, are making to visit for the 1-st time this country. Should it not, thereforely, be a pleasing thought to provide with reliable and legitimate informations the so innocent non-sophisticates who have just arrived to these maritime shores? Constrain to impicture, if not too agonizingly painful, numerous of these non-fortunates wearily wandering to the Nat. Port. Gal. to be overcome by melancholy fits or other convulsions, or else to be seized by an oppression and seek to commit *hara-kiri* in the crypt of the Athenæum! Indeedly yes, and to rescue them from these fates would be a very truly meritorious business which I shall now seek to perform. To ensure these depictings to be understood, I shall produce them in mixed tongues of dazzling lucidity comprehendable in requisite portions to the most foreign intelligences.

" The tender shepherds pipe their pans "

Let us suppose attached to me a very non-informed person of name Jones who are visiting these coasts from France and other continents.

" J'espère que je vous trouve in bueno salute, mein Herr? " I smirk politeishly.

" Yep, je me porte in the pink, Senhor Y. Hama," he repart.

Now we have accomplish our introductions, I make to suggest 1-stly to visit some very topical British rural sportings.

" Indeedly oui, Monsieur Y. Hama, I should greatly enjoy to observe some of these sportings, n'est pas? " he repop.

" Mon Dieu! " I ejacule politeishly, " let us then wend our feet southishly when we shall witness the yeo and other men shooting bows and arrows at Newington Butts in the Hon. shadow of that so hoary and picturesque Elephant Castle. Archering (shooting avec les bows y arrows) are very popular gymnastic with the Costing Mongers and other peasants who domicile in the romantic chateaux of Camberwell. Here, M. Jones, we may expend many numerous happy and harmonic heures on the greenish swards and woodland forests of this so favoured burg, watching the peons plough, sow, reap and perform other agricultural pursuits. Avez-vous le tired feelings of fâtigue, Signor Jones? O si, then let us wallaby to Camberwell Green where we shall witness the ancient cultivateurs playing les bowls, el cricket or bandying gossips at the village pump."

" Señor Y. Hama, I have a grand soif! "

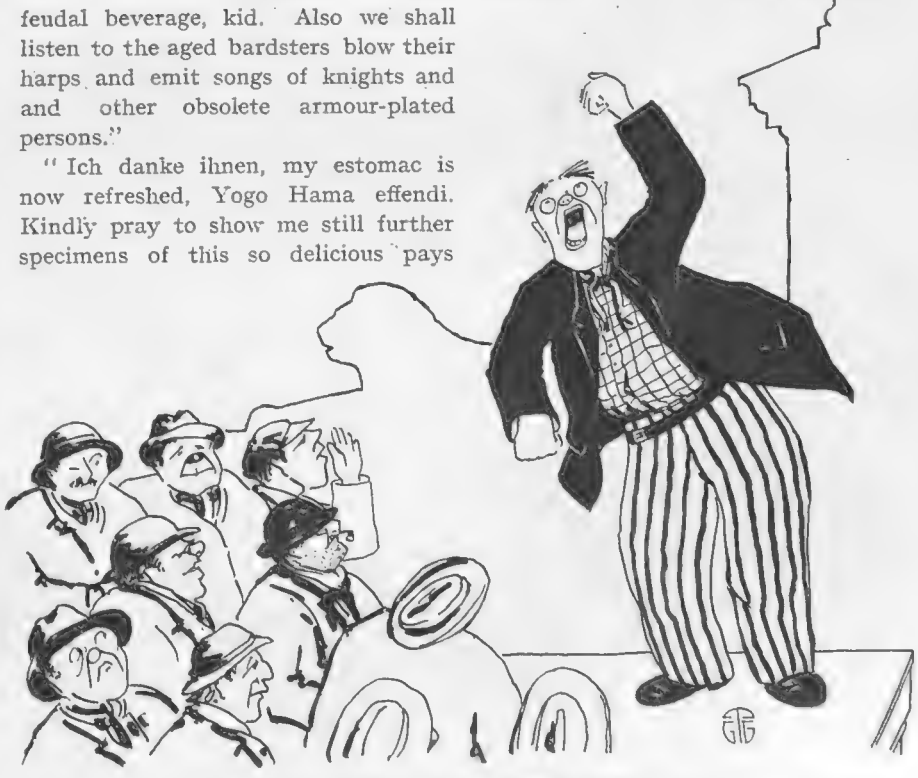
" Madre de Dios! " I repart, " we will conduct our feet with great alacrity to aforesaidly Elephant Castle to swaff a cup of sackbut or other feudal beverage, kid. Also we shall listen to the aged bardsters blow their harps and emit songs of knights and and other obsolete armour-plated persons."

" Ich danke ihnen, my estomac is now refreshed, Yogo Hama effendi. Kindly pray to show me still further specimens of this so delicious pays d'Angleterre which I have digested avec great pleasure in the novels of Hon. Sir Bard of Avon."

" Sacré bleu! " I rejoint, " then I shall show you the Shepherds' Bush where they grow les moutons and other culinary animals. Come, bo, let us dandle very pronto to these so Arcadian pastures to observe the tender shepherds pipe their pans and perform other rustic notes. How sweetish, n'est pas, to preamble through these so leafy glades where the lambs execute their gambols and other romantic frisks? "

" Mais, Monsieur Y. Hama, constrain to depict me some more metropolitan spots, I have sufficiently observed these rural environments."

" Hells' bells, kiddo, come right along so I shall now take you to Le Square Trafalgar which are a very national spot celebrate for its lyons and other graven images. Very noble patriots gracefully harangue the proletariats to incite them with love for



" Very noble patriots gracefully harangue "

their country from these plinths. They are to be known because of the red neckties which they wear to signify 'Death to the enemy persons of Grt. Britain.'"

"Pardon, Señor Y. Hama, mais j'ai the hunger, savvee? I desire to make eat."

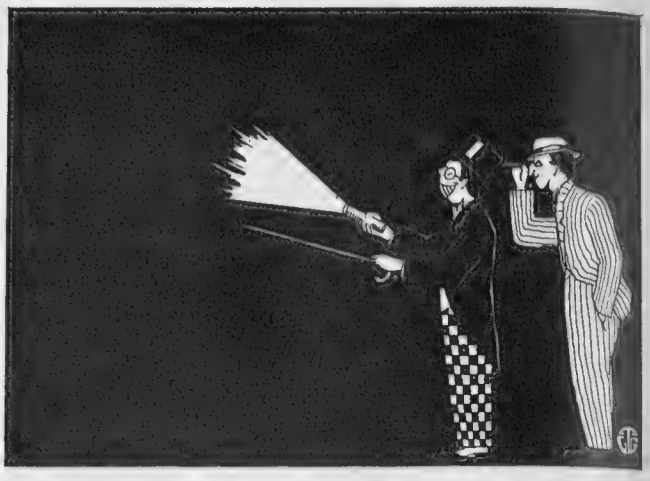
"Begorra, M. Jones, shall we preamble to le Ritz, el Troc, l'Alphabetical or other stylish eating emporia? Mais non, mon bhoy, let us insteadly mount ourselves upon a bus vehicle towards the rising sun to a vicinity of strange persons and numerous perfumed odours. We disembark, we mingle ourselves with many tribes and we make discover an eating temple where fishes and such marine animals are boiled in sweet oils with great skill and alacrity. Here we may purchase some delicate morceaux and chips to match in a portion of newsprint which we may afterwardsly peruse if studiously disposed." How sweetish, are not it, the luscious perfumes of these so refreshing oils and other cooking ointments? Indeedly yep, they inspire me to an afflatus which I cannot imbottle for fear to explode. Pardon moi:

I love these sweetish unguents of the East,
Upon which tribal persons love to feast,
When cooked with poissons brought by ships,
And eaten avec les potatoe chips.

"Come, Señor Y. Hama, n'avez-vous not any further celebrate or artistic spots to depict?"

"We make discover an eating temple"

"Snakes, you bet j'ai! But it are now dark, the moon he has not yetly rose. Let us, thereforely, M. Jones, totter to Hon. Sir Albert's Memorial. All artistics combine to agree the Alberts Memorial are best seen in the dark or a fog, because you shall then perhapsly suppose it are a pagoda or other Eastern mystery. So greatly revered are this famous architectural, that dzs of Chelsea and other art persons make to visit him daily so they may worship the beauties like thé Angelo, Vinci, Leonardo and other special busts. When 1-st he was erected, 1,000's of persons made pilgrimage in hope to be deprived of ills and other diseases for their piety. This came to make considerable impediment of traffic, so that persons are not now permit to worship more than 3 hours, otherwisely they are mulct 5/- and a caution.



"The Alberts Memorial are best seen in the dark"

"Parbleu, M. Jones, I must now make to perform my adios because of diminishing spaces. I constrain to hope, old scout, you have experience buenos tiempos from this so brief mais instructive itinerary. I wish you a very happy bon jour."

I consider this commenting, which I have endeavour to make very international and poly-lingual, should be of very extreme service to persons of different tongues who cannot adequately understand the Anglican language.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, your good healths they continue very bon,

I remain

Yogo Hama

Photograph *L.N.A.*

THE PLAY'S THE THING—AFTER WORK

Hon. Sir Jack Buchanan, Hon. Sir Leslie Henson, and other fairs (masc and femn) in a little crowd work which seems to have been quite successful. The photograph is one of those peeps behind the scenes sometimes vouchsafed to ordinary mortals—the "scene" in this case being the stage of the Shaftesbury Theatre at Mr. Jack Buchanan's party, after a performance of "Toni"

A Golfing Threesome

[Sport and General

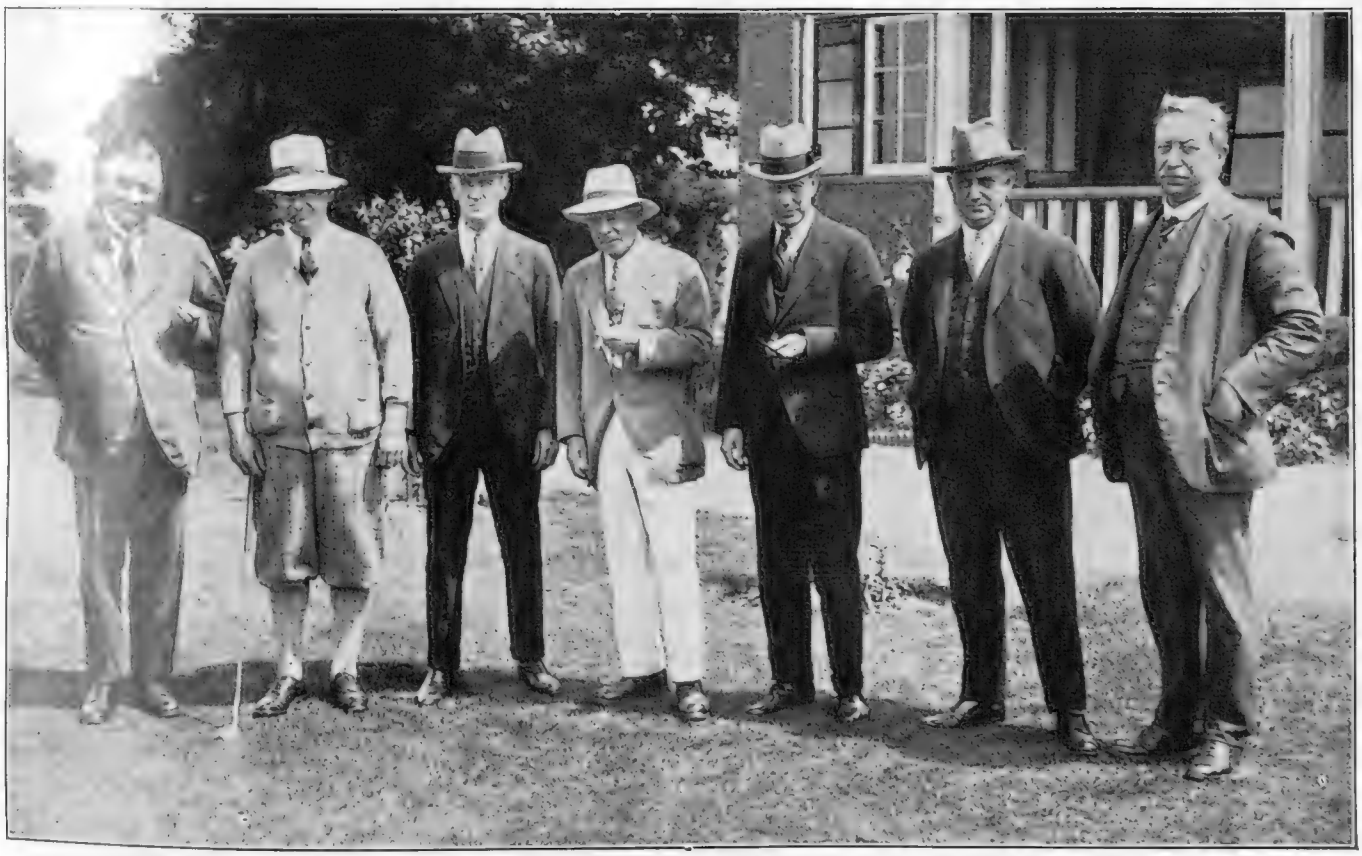
FOUR SEMI-FINALISTS

In the French Ladies' Open Championships at Le Touquet: Miss Cecil Leitch (left), Mrs. W. A. Gavin, M[illegible]lis[illegible]bett, and Miss M. Hunnewell. Miss Leitch, who was at the top of her form, beat Miss L[illegible] 3; Miss Hunnewell scored a sensational win over Mrs. Gavin at the 19th hole after lown at the turn. Miss Leitch won her final against Miss Hunnewell by 10 and 8

Photograph *Topical*

THE BETTER HALF OF PLUS FOUR

Miss Phyllis Lytton, well known to film audiences, in what the French would probably call "un costume sportif." The diminutive figures in the background are photographers, but there seems no obvious reason why they should be running away



Photograph] GOLFERS AT HIGHGATE [Sport and Gneeral

A group of members of the Highgate Golf Club and some competitors for the Australian Cup. The photograph includes: Lt.-Colonel G. J. Hogben, Messrs. W. S. Spain (club secretary), F. Runchman (captain), B. F. Cox and Percy Hunter

Photograph *Photopress*

A LITTLE SWELL ON THE THAMES

The lighter side of river life is accentuated by the "ladies' natty punting costume" seen above, which seems to be evidence of some recent carnival doings

FEMINA

ON GIVING HOUSES A HOLIDAY

By MRS. M. VINCE

HOUSES, and the things in them, need a holiday, just like ourselves; but we are not always as careful in giving it to them.

All houses are spring-cleaned. Most houses are autumn-cleaned as well. But this is not enough. What we should do is to make much more thorough use of the summer holiday. I am thinking of those houses which are not left unoccupied during the holiday—and in London, at any rate, we hear too many stories of unoccupied houses being broken into during the summer, of vans boldly arriving and the house being emptied of all its furniture, of women confederates sitting quietly knitting in a window while the work goes on, for us to feel at all safe in leaving the house shut up. But even when the maids remain, most of us are too busy getting away to give much thought to the house, or to leave behind any but one or two ordinary instructions for its safe-keeping; and so we lose an opportunity of making real use of that month's absence.

THERE are, first of all, a number of things which, if only for convenience, might well be left over from the spring-cleaning to be done more thoroughly and more leisurely during the holiday. Mattresses and pillows can then best be sent away for repair and restuffing, chairs upholstered and eiderdowns recovered, without inconvenience to anyone. More important still are those things which have actually to be done in the house, and so very often are not quite thoroughly done, because if they are performed while we are living in it we are in too great a hurry to have them finished.

ONE of these is the touching-up of stained floors, which is generally necessary every year. If this is done during the holiday, then it is easy to close the rooms afterwards for three or four days, in order to give the stain and varnish plenty of time not only to dry, but to harden thoroughly, and to give them also the thorough polishing afterwards without which the floor will never stand the wear of feet. Another thing of the same sort is the repainting of the baths. Here, again, time for the paint to harden is as important as the way in which the painting is done. A friend of mine once repainted her bath herself. She had full instructions. She followed them with great care, but—unfortunately both for herself and the bath—she was in far too great a hurry to use it afterwards!

ANOTHER thing which it is well to have done regularly every summer holiday is the dusting down of the wall-papers with a feather brush. They will have been dusted at the time of the spring-cleaning, and if really dirty will also have been cleaned with bread, but this second dusting is well worth doing.

YET another thing which should be done every year, and which can quite well be left until the summer, is the rubbing of the cords of the windows with linseed oil. This regular oiling will prevent them from getting dried and frayed, and will add a great deal to their length of life.

ROOMS need to be kept regularly aired while one is away, for the things in them need air if they are to be healthy, just as we do. Air is the great preventer of dry-rot and worms in woodwork, and of moth in fabric. It is in the back of old bureaus and chests-of-drawers more than anywhere else that one finds worms—in that part of them, that is, which stands against the wall and gets least air. For that reason, during the holiday, wardrobes and chests-of-drawers should be moved well out from the walls so that they may get a good airing.

THE opportunity should also be taken of giving curtains and carpets a rest. The carpets should be rolled up and the side-curtains should be taken down, shaken—they will have been cleaned in the spring—folded, and put in drawers. They will last all the longer for this annual rest. One likes to leave the house with its ordinary appearance of being lived in, but for this it should be sufficient to keep up the casement-curtains and to have the windows opened regularly. With both carpets and curtains one should put some bitter apple—broken up into pieces and tied up in small muslin bags—for, as I have found by experience, that is by far the best protector against moth that we have.

LASTLY, there is the feeding of the furniture. Its wood needs to be fed if it is to be kept in proper condition. But in many houses it is impossible to give it that regular feeding or polishing which it needs. That is, perhaps, the most important use that one can make of the summer holiday—to leave behind a good supply of beeswax and turpentine. It should be made by shredding a pound of beeswax into a jar, and, when it is all shredded, adding two pints of turpentine. It should be left to stand for three days, being stirred every day and should then be a smooth paste of the consistency of butter. When made, it can be put in tins. I was consulted the other day about a parquet-floor of teak which had been polished with beeswax and turpentine and had gone sticky, nor would all the polishing get rid of the stickiness. The cause of this was quite simple. The beeswax and turpentine, so I found, had been heated to make them mix more quickly. The result was that the floor had to be thoroughly washed and then repolished. Beeswax and turpentine must be left to melt in their own time, and except by stirring, you cannot hurry it. That summer month will do much to make up for any want of polishing during the rest of the year.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

THE GLAD EYE OF THE CAMERA

The photographer's view of Mlle. De Lisle, who is to appear on the film screen. The daughter of Mr. Nungovic of Cairo, Mlle. De Lisle is well known on the concert platform

The Duchess of York's Schoolroom —GLAMIS.

Here is shown elaborate embroidery by the Countess of Strathmore, incorporating the names of her children and the dates of their birth.

The Ghosts of Glamis

THIS feudal castle, home of Macbeth nine hundred years ago, is, as might be expected, a house of legendary mystery and grim, eerie history.

The great antiquity of the central pile is evidenced by the stupendous thickness of the pre-mediæval walls, probably over one thousand years old. Within their twelve-foot compass are numerous stairs and passage ways, many known and many whose secret has been lost.

A number of the rooms are haunted by their own special spectre. There is also a ghostly 'Grey Lady!'—not permitted inside—and a 'dread mystery' of identity unknown.

Glamis is now well-known as the childhood's home of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, Duchess of York, whose family have occupied the house since the 14th century, a wonderful record in this land of raids and forays.

We should like to mention here another record concerned with Scotland —John Haig. Scotch Whisky was first distilled nearly three hundred years ago by the oldest distillers in the world—1627.

By Appointment

Dye Ken
John Haig?

Issued by JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

St. James's 34

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The Station Hotel
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With a mile of Skye and a restful Holiday Retreat

Write for Illustrated Guide to the Highlands and Hotel Tariff to the Resident Manager at the Hotels or to Mr. H. H. Ward, The Station Hotel, Inverness.

Tired, yet radiant. A welcome road is the homeward way. And then the inviting downiness of bed, with the comforting, through-the-night

PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS

After a happy day~
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¶ *"A Holiday in Itself"*
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POLO NOTES

By A. W. Coaten

Photograph] AN INTERNATIONAL QUESTION [*Central News*

The English polo team which was first selected to compete against America. The team, which consists of Major V. N. Lockett, Major T. W. Kirkwood, Mr. L. L. Lacey and Lt.-Col. T. P. Melvill, was recently defeated by Ranelagh, thus raising some uncertainty as to the final composition

Changes in the Team

It did not take the Selection Committee, a body composed of Lord Wimborne, Colonel Ritson, and Colonel E. D. Miller, long to change their minds about the best line-up for England. On June 25 they caused it to be announced that the team to go to America would be composed of Melvill, Kirkwood, Lockett, and Lacey. That is all changed now. Beyond the expression of some surprise that Kirkwood and Lacey should have been accorded positions to which they are unaccustomed, public opinion was on the whole favourable to the original selection. We realised that it was in no sense a world-beating team, yet we hoped it would settle down satisfactorily after several practice games. These hopes were destined to be falsified. The four were disappointing in their two practice matches, and were beaten on each occasion.

An Unenviable Job

Members of the Selection Committee came up to the little Press enclosure at Hurlingham on Monday of last week and watched the trial game from that point of vantage. Their facial expressions during the game were a study in disappointment mingled with something like despair. One could not but feel sympathy for them, and I am sure nobody envies them their job. It was evident that this team would not do, and no surprise was caused, therefore, when the Committee announced on the following day that they had decided to put a new formation in the field for the next practice match. The England team as reorganised comprises Melvill, Phipps Hornby, Hurndall, and Lacey. They were put on trial at Roehampton on Thursday, and drew with their opponents.

A Sporting Enterprise

Warm congratulations to the Argentine upon having won the Olympic Polo Cup. It was a sporting enterprise on the part of the Argentine Polo Federation to send their team and ponies to Europe. Their success shows that while polo is, if anything, steadily losing ground in England, it is going strongly ahead in other parts of the world. The British team was by no means the strongest that we could have put in the field, but exactly the same can be said of the Argentine and United States teams, both of which beat us fairly and squarely. As a fact, if the matches had been played under handicap our men would have been called upon to give four goals start to the Argentine players and three goals to the Americans.

A Near Thing

It was an extremely near thing between the representatives of North and South America respectively. Their match at Saint Cloud was much the finest of the tournament, it being only by the margin of a single goal that the Argentines scraped through. The result might have been different if Mr. Hitchcock had not been severely shaken up by a fall midway through the game.

Dropping Out

In London this season a number of good players who have dropped out of the game are sadly missed. Among them are Mr. Buckmaster, Lord Dalmeny, and the brothers Clive and Harold Pearson. Lord Wodehouse, too, has been obliged to play the part of looker-on. There are rumours of further retirements from the game before long. It is said that Lord Cholmondeley is giving up polo. We know at least that he has just sold the whole of his fine stud of ponies to Lord Wimborne, who will take the best of them with him to America. Lord Cholmondeley is a supporter of the game who can ill be spared.

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

The Eclipse

Sandown will be the great racing attraction this week, and there are sure to be vast gatherings there on both days. The Eclipse Stakes on Friday is likely to be won once again by the Manton stable. All being well with him, St. Germans is tolerably certain to be a pronounced favourite for this rich prize. The Eclipse is Lord Astor's lucky race, just as the Derby is his unlucky one. He now has an excellent chance of winning it for the fifth time in six years. St. Germans is fortunate enough to have escaped a penalty, and thus will have a valuable pull in the weights with most of his rivals. These will probably include his stable companion Inkerman and Blue Lake. When I discussed the race recently with the latter's owner, Mr. Tattersall said he had not definitely decided whether to run Blue Lake at Sandown or to keep her for the Atlantic Stakes at Liverpool next week. This filly is just now finding her form, and is likely to win good races.

A. Taylor's Strong Hand

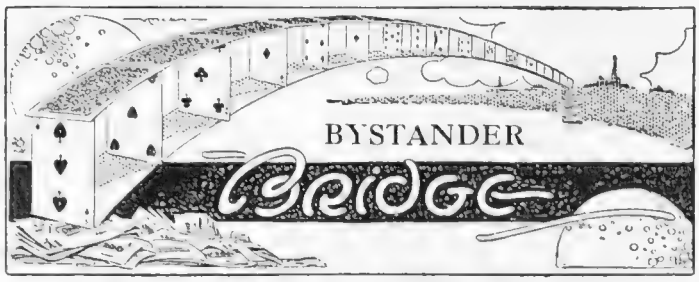
Inkerman has a big burden to carry here, but he is undoubtedly a really high-class performer, and he may be the means of springing one of Alec Taylor's proverbial surprises upon us here. What are the odds against Taylor saddling the first, second, and third in this race? It is not such an impossibility as it may seem to be at first glance. I remember that when this trainer won the Eclipse with Craig-an-Eran, he was second with Braishfield, and third with Pompadour, so it will merely be a repetition of history if the master of Manton does the trick on Friday.

Manton's Rivals

Among the probable rivals of the Manton representatives we find Papyrus, who would, of course, possess a great chance of winning if he were in the same form as he showed when he won the Derby. But there is reason to suspect that the colt is not so good as he was, and in view of the fact that he will have to put up maximum weight I question whether he will be equal to scoring here. It is indeed very doubtful. Mr. Sol Joel has a couple of smart colts in the race in Polyphontes and Battleship, of whom I reckon the former to be the better over this course. Still, it must be remembered that Polyphontes finished behind St. Germans in the Derby, and now he has to give a few pounds to Lord Astor's colt. There seems to be no reason, therefore, why he should accomplish this task. In fact, I regard the race as something like a good thing for **St. Germans,** and I expect Inkerman to be placed.

Other Big Races

As a rule, the National Breeders' Stakes, the big two-year-old event on the second day of the meeting, brings out one or two youngsters who are already known to fame. This time however, the race does not include any of the so-called cracks among the juveniles. It is quite possible that some very promising colts have been kept back specially for this race, and I fully expect to see it won by a dark youngster of real merit. It so happens that Sandown is now completing the fiftieth year of its existence, and to mark this happy event a newly-established handicap called the Anniversary Cup will be run on Saturday. This is to be contested over the Eclipse course, and has attracted a fine entry. On the strength of his form at Ascot **Frater** strikes me as being reasonably handicapped, and I select him as the probable winner.



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

BRIDGE ON THE BRAIN

"I WISH," said a friend's wife to me, "you would stop my husband playing Bridge."

"Why?" I asked. "Does he lose a lot of money?"

"It's not so much that," she replied, "but it's bad for him. He's got it on the brain. He talks about it in his sleep. Last night he started up muttering 'if only I had called five Hearts instead of doubling four Spades I should have won the rubber.' It's really terrible. And he won't listen to me. I do wish you would speak to him."

"My dear lady," I replied. "I never give good advice to anyone. I can't manage my own life satisfactorily and shall never attempt to interfere with another's conduct. I can only suggest you take him to Wembley or persuade him to play golf."

. . . . . .

While I cannot take this comic tragedy with undue seriousness there are undoubtedly numerous cases of people who take Bridge too hardly.

Some of them are unsuited temperamentally for the game. They worry over it too much. You may see them sitting with fixed glassy eyes and corrugated brows, squirming and writhing in their chairs as if in pain. There are others who control their feelings and emotions at the card table but who cannot forget the game when they leave.

They are haunted by their own or their partner's misdeeds. They cannot take the game in a light or sporting spirit. I remember a man who some months after the occurrence reminded me of a disaster that had happened during our partnership. I had clean forgotten it. But it was a dismal thought that he had been brooding on it for all those weeks.

. . . . . .

Now one can understand the desperate gambler who has lost his all at the card table, or even one who has been seriously embarrassed by his losses taking the matter to heart. But, in my experience, it is not as a rule the players for high stakes who get Bridge on the brain. It is the "rabbits" and small fry who play for negligible stakes who get so upset.

The mere winning or losing a few shillings does not matter to them in the least. But there is something about the game that frazzles their nerves. The psychology of the matter is interesting, for there are lots of nervous and highly-strung people who play Bridge well and exhibit no signs of nervousness. On the other hand, there are strong men and women who have no nerves at outdoor sports who are seriously distressed at Bridge. It haunts them. But they will not give it up. They loathe it and love it at the same time.

I know players who are literally terrified to play with others who have a reputation at the game. It is not affectation. It is something akin to stage fright. They want to play and yet they don't want to play. Their hands shake while dealing. They are afraid to bid. They cannot be natural and they do themselves less than justice. Now, of course, there are Bridge bullies and pretentious, aggressive people who put fear into the nervous, sometimes designedly and sometimes because they can't help it. They are built that way. But, speaking generally, the really good player is the pleasantest to play with This is not merely a matter of good manners and courtesy, it is sound policy If you are cut with a weaker partner, whatever you do, don't flurry him. Soothe him. Don't show you resent having him as a partner. Treat him gently. Don't point out his mistakes. Don't raise your eyebrows when he makes them or even show that you have noticed. After a few minutes, when he discovers that you are not a terrifying person, he will play his best. And, although his best may not be very good, it will be very much better than if he were in a perpetual state of nervous tension.

. . . . . .

A Sheffield reader inquires about the following hand: Score: Y, Z love. A, B game and 20. A deals and holds:—

S—A, K, 5, 2. H—K, 10, 9, 6. D—A, Q, 9. C—10, 2.

A says "No bid," and all pass. Was A right?

Well, I suppose A was one of those players who "lie low" on a good hand hoping his opponents at the score will bid. But his hand, of course, is a no-trumper, and it was waste of good material to pass on it.

. . . . . .

A Paisley reader asks "whether under the amended rules of the Portland Club in a case where all players have passed, there remains any further opportunity for calling?" Certainly not. There is no change in the law in this respect.

. . . . . .

Three correspondents ask me to explain the American doubling system. This is a lengthy business and cannot be answered in a paragraph. I have dealt with them at length in *The Graphic*, February 2, 9, 16, and 23. American text books by R. F. Foster and Milton Work give full particulars. I recommend especially *Auction Bridge of* 1924. By Milton Work (Fisher Unwin: 7*s*. 6*d*. net). In answer to R. J. (Bournemouth) it is quite true that some players in this country have adopted the double of one no-trump, but the American conventions are not recognised at the chief London Clubs.

Photograph] "PONS ASINORUM" [*Stage Photo Co.*

A quiet little game of Bridge as pictured by Miss Bibi Delabere (left), Miss Doris Patson, Mr Bobbie Howes and Mr. Seymour Beard. Their rather unorthodox dress is occasioned by the fact that the incident seen above occurs in "Musical Bridge," one of the numbers in the "Five o'Clock Follies" which Archibald de Bear presents at the New Princes' Restaurant

Bystander Four Weeks' Competition

No. III.

Fourth Week. Final Problem.

Score: Game all. Z deals and says "No bid." A and Y also. B holds—

S—8, 6, 2. H—A, K, 10, 8, 3.
D—A, 3. C—8, 6, 2.

(*a*) What should B say?

Score: Love all. Z deals and bids "One Spade"; A "two Clubs"; Y "two Spades"; B "three Diamonds"; Z "three Spades." A holds—

S—J. H—K, 8, 7.
D—Q, 10, 8, 6. C—K, Q, 10, 5, 2.

(*b*) What should A say?

Score: Game all. A, B 20 in rubber game. Z deals and bids "two Spades." A doubles. Y holds—

S—2. H—A, 5, 3, 2.
D—K, 10, 4, 3. C—Q, 5, 4, 2.

(*c*) What should Y say?

Solutions to all queries given in the past four weeks should be sent in together—solutions sent separately will be disqualified—and addressed: BRIDGE COMPETITION, No. III, BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. 4. They must reach the office not later than first post on Monday, July 21.

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They Never Would Be Missed—

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *July* 14

DEAR COUSIN—

HAVE just been reading such an int'resting and intriguing book all about a doctor who found out a wonderful new serum or something to keep people going when everybody else'd given 'em up—sort of prolonging their lives more or less indef'nitely, as you might say, and rescuing them from the grave to keep on keeping on, so to speak.

"Had her hair shingled"

REALLY marv'llous discovery this was in the new novel, *Quack*, 'cos that's what it's called, and's only just out—such a big thing in fact that the Doc aforesaid couldn't bear to part with it, and quite unprofessionally kept it all quiet and just made a sort of Deity of himself, in a manner of speaking. Just decided all on his own, that is, when to give it and when not. And didn't ever hand it out when people needed it but just 'cording to whether he thought the world needed *them* and they were worth saving.

AND quite a good sort of idea, too, meseems. For I must say I hate crowds, 'specially at this juncture when, don't mind confessing, one *has* suffered just a bit from c'lossal gatherings of fellow men and women, and is not altogether and entirely enamoured and enthralled (to put it nicely and politely) with every single member or unit thereof.

SOMEHOW seems to have been more the fashion even than usual this season—to c'lect people and assemble them in bulk, I mean. Bigger masses than ever before at Wimbledon there were, f'rinstance, surging hotly and unbecomingly and in all the world's oddest clothes outside turnstiles and things about 10 a.m. or so, or even earlier, when most of them really ought, I'm sure, to've been way home in their native Tooton or Brixing buying the tripe for Baby's lunch, or darning their husbands' and brothers' *dessous*. Wembley, meanwhile, captured by an alarming array of 200,000 and more daily, all perfectly good and exc'lent supporters of the Empire, *sans doute*, but somehow not always altogether lovable when encountered at closish quarters, complete with beads on brow and gen'rously scattered sandwich papers and banana skins to match.

AND also, oddly enough, somewhat hostile looks cast on the world in gen'ral—that's what I 'fess, honest-to-Gawd, and after some millions of years of (let's hope) fairly widish looking around and about, am pos'tively not altogether competent and able to understand. The way, I mean, people specially of

"Not altogether lovable at close quarters"

"Enquiring into their antecedents"

our own b'loved, sturdy, and we're-all-agreed quite the best and utterly unbeatable race, 'pear to be always almost what you might call looking for trouble, or causes of dispute with people or things, when assembled together in crowds, that is.

NOT 'tirely common to all, this 'ticular idiosyncrasy or whatever you call it, doesn't seem to be. French or 'Talians, *par exemple*, being rather more cheerful than otherwise when grouped together in masses. Not sure I don't prefer 'em that way, in fact, mostly—said she, with the true insular touch. 'Cos fancy talking of Frenchmen or Italians in bulk, any more than about Englishmen, as if they were all one lot and tarred with the same brush, or encircled with the same golden halo, 'cording to how you look at or visualise the whole affair. But that's by the way. Real important question of the moment being—crowds and how to kill 'em, or words to that effect.

CROWDS being interpreted, I think, *ad hoc* or for our special purps, as meaning the persons we know, not frightfully well but just a little bit. 'Cos should hesitate, meself, to pole-axe or strychnine or weed-kill a 'plete stranger even if her frock was the worst ever, or he addressed me as "dear lady," 'thout at least *some* inquiry as to antecedents and birth-marks, and

other excuses thereof. But there's some, aren't there, who do seem pos'tively to ask and inquire for the most rapid and unfailing methods of sudden and complete perishment. Such as. . . .

And here meseems is just where one fails to falter like the frightfully fair and judicial but somewhat dullish doctor in the book. First of all, leading the procesh to M. Deibler or Mr. Ellis, or who happens to be functioning at the precise time and place, comes—in *my* procession anyway—the woman who sat next us at the 'Varsity Match at Lord's last week and told her poor little cringing friend in stentorian tones all about when she'd had her hair shingled and how and why.

Next for the noose, knife or little drop of dope, there arrives the man who said he'd read all the Georgian poets but preferred Tennyson . . . Which reminds me of the quite nice little quiet knock at the aforesaid Georgians in *Midsummer Madness*, that singularly flimsy and yet delightful affair they're just put on at the Lyric, Hammersmith, with Marie Tempest as the bright particular star thereof.

Don't seem to 've told you a word about what's happening just now, by the way, but truth to tell there isn't so very frightfully much, 'cept in the way of dances, which are always

"If real painting couldn't do more than *that*"

with us, as the Scripture saith. But oh, if it's still on when you come to Town, dear cousin, do go and see the Gauguin show at the Leicester Galleries. Just 'cos I want to know what *you* think of it.

At first sight, 'twixt you and me, seems almost 'pletely and entirely fatuous, I don't mind admitting to you, and none other. That's the first impression—Bad drawing. . . . Ugly on the whole. But the colours are so rich and deep, and the ideas behind so fearf'lly attractive, or at the very least exciting. Methinks one really ought to go out one day to the Marquesas—most fascinating name—to judge. But anyway 's no doubt the Gauguins *live*. And am simply frightf'ly glad to hear they fetch 'bout two thousand guins. per pic. when sold, nowadays. 'Cos happen to have just heard also of even Mr. Cadogan Cowper's lovely choc box pictures roping in five hundred or so, so if real painting couldn't do more than *that*. . . .

Talking 'bout art, very last week this, I b'lieve, alas, of the opera at His Majesty's. And quite a new opera to end up with, that starts to-night—a British one by Mr. Vaughan Williams called *Hugh the Drover*, with a prize fight in it, and an old English fair, and all sorts of other nice national things.

With love, Yours ever, Blanchette

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UNITED STATES

LONGEVITY AND LINGERIE

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

It is a subtle scheme of creation that man and woman should contrast in their method and application of thought. It is the inspiration of allurement. In methods they agree artistically to differ, and only in the great emotions to converge.

There is no more horrifying thought than to endeavour to conceive a world without woman—unless it be the desolation of a world of women unable to conceive man.

In the present crude stage of development man is master of the arts, and woman mistress of artifice. So woman provides a relaxation for the artist, and reproduces him.

Only fanatics seek to destroy illusion. Abnormality is disastrous. When woman threatens to become masculine and man feminine, cannibalism should be considered a virtue, and the manly woman should be encouraged to consume the flesh of the womanly man.

All of which has but little bearing upon that which I originally intended to write,—my subject, for the moment, being clothes.

The modern woman realises that the decoration of her clothes inspires emotion, and the modern man, adopting a sacrificial attitude, adorns her frailty in fragile strips of crepe-de-chine, and wraps his own innate modesty in textures of durability.

Man, when he buys clothing, asks "Is it durable?"—wondering sadly "Will it endure?" Woman asks "Is it attractive?"—meaning "Will it allure?" Here again are two points of view which will inevitably converge.

In my rare moments of tax depression, I have found myself imagining a world of feminine men, who would buy and discard clothes with a feminine prodigality. But my masculinity asserts itself and gets the better of my commercial instinct. Besides, the world is sufficiently impossible as it is.

The psychologist judges by the unseen. So in this cameo essay let us consider underclothes.

For the winter, which, in England, is eleven months of the year, I, like many other men, buy suits comprising pants and pseudo-modest vests of the heaviest manufactured silk. These two garments cost about £14, but considering that they represent the effort of a thousand million silkworms, the worms may consider themselves a sweated industry. But a few suits last me several years, therefore the durability represents an economy in pinky unnoticeability.

Women don't commit these dull stupidities, they despise longevity in garments. They inspire one or two delicate little silkworms to weave a diaphanous garment of dreams, which will live its life in a few golden moments, and disappear in a flame.

* * * * * * * * *

So it is with the outer coverings. The reason the proprietor of Pope & Bradley is not a multi-millionaire is easily explainable by two primary material defects. First, he is an artist, and secondly the clothes his house makes possess a masculine durability and don't wear out fast enough. Lounge Suits from £9 9s., Dinner Suits from £14 14s., Dress Suits from £16 16s., Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d., Overcoats from £7 7s.

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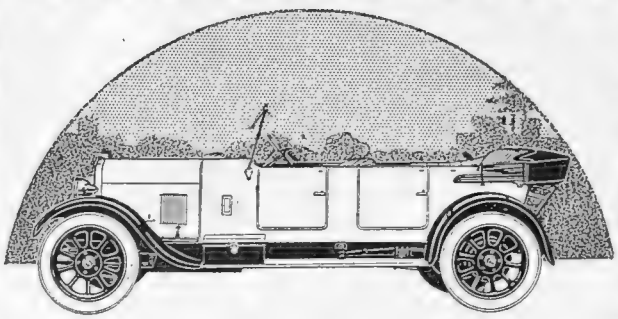

Touring on a Talbot SIX-CYLINDER

". . . I drove the car for over 1,000 miles, mostly about Dartmoor, and up and down tortuous, ill-graded, picturesque hills and descents round the coast of Cornwall, with a view to calling on the engine to do harder work than the average motorist will require of it all the year round. From start to finish the engine never faltered, never overheated, never showed any sign of being overtaxed, always accelerated easily and promptly, and maintained its form absolutely . . . . Here, I think one has the secret of the exceptionally clever designing of this vehicle. . . . No hill proves tedious to climb . . . has all the speed qualities needed for this class of vehicle on the flat, and provides a quite unexpectedly spirited performance in hill climbing, which latter is matched by the excellence of the brakes."

H. MASSAC BUIST, *Morning Post*, Sept., 1923.

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The hound of the East In Old Madrid

By "THE KENNELMAN"

To-day (Wednesday) brings Dog Shows at Paignton and Weymouth, and (Pekingese) at St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park. Cheltenham holds its Show to-morrow, and Bury St. Edmunds on the following Thursday. The Royal Welsh, at Bridgend, is fixed for next Wednesday. Sheepdogs, especially, will be in evidence at Paignton to-day; and for the benefit of correspondents inquiring about forthcoming Sheepdog Trials—always most interesting sporting events—Kennelman advises reference to *Our Dogs* Offices, Manchester, for full particulars. There's no game better worth watching.

"To-morrow and to-morrow!" Mañana for ever! Imagine a Show lasting twelve whole days. Think of it from the Dogs' point of view. The Kennel Club of Spain has just brought it off, in Madrid; and everybody, apparently, well pleased. Well, in extending condolences to the Show Dogs of the Peninsula, it's well to remember that all Dogs reflect very readily the temperaments and habits of their human friends; so perhaps those of Spain measure their days on the bench much as the English canine swells rate hours. Let's hope so.

From that same corner of the world, by the way, across the Straits in Sunset Land, right away to Palestine, and southward to Aden—maybe rather "like a barrick-stove," but sport is far from dead round there—one has heard Arabs of all denominations dubbing Dogs of all denominations, and then some, by a name that sounded like "Sloghi." Yes, even pi-dogs that looked like crosses between hyænas, weasels, and a post-lobster-supper dream of Cecil Aldin's. But—and the point's worth remembering—they gave the name to these weird hybrids only when the hybrids were admitted to some form of hunt, or other sport; not otherwise. So perhaps that, in turn, admits them to some kind of poor relationship to the distinguished and very breedy type of Hound that a few enthusiasts, like Brigadier-General Lance, have introduced to England as the Saluki, or (unofficially) Gazelle Hound. The best of these graceful creatures, in addition to being wonders of elegance and dignity, are really notable sportsmen, and extraordinarily fleet and enduring hunters—growing in popularity every day, it seems.

"We haven't yet made up our minds, as between the Dog and the Bitch. They're both adorable, but we're a little frightened of the lady's special requirements, never having had one, so far. Which would be the most suitable for us?"

It's an old and frequent question; and difficult to answer. The fact that the Bitch does require a little special care for a few weeks twice a year is not at all the nuisance that many folk imagine it; the merest trifle, really. Canine personalities differ almost as widely as our own. I wouldn't say the female is necessarily more affectionate, but she's often more domestic than the male. The indoor life and members of the household will often prove of even greater moment to her than the choicest of strictly canine interests, outdoors; while in the case of her brother they are more likely to take second place. In all respects the male Dog should be, and generally is, very markedly and typically masculine. One's known exceptions, but, broadly speaking, as personal and indoor pal, I favour the Bitch; in work and sport, her brother.

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DEWAR'S

HAROLD NELSON

Night-Light Time in Paris

BY MARCEL PONCIN

II.—LE CHÂTEAU DE MADRID

"It is not difficult" says Roland Atkinson in his *Paris Glade Dansants* "to imagine the Château de Madrid as one of the stately homes of England. . . . . It is the 'house' which dominates the grounds." But, nevertheless, the grounds play their own gay part in a whirling world, as our picture shows

PARIS GLADE DANSANTS

No. II.—LE CHÂTEAU DE MADRID

By ROLAND ATKINSON. *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

IF you can approach the reception porch of the Château de Madrid, with its ranks of liveried retainers lined up to receive you as an honoured guest, without feeling that you are doing something of consequence, then you are not impressionable and you might just as well have remained on the stifling boulevards. In driving to the Madrid you don't get the three-mile run through the Bois de Boulogne, which was the inspiriting send-off to a night at the Ermitage, but the managers have devised a looping-the-loop entrance which does much to make up for it.

YOU have pounded along a couple of broad avenues of the Bois at a rather breathless pace, because here there is room for your chauffeur to show what he has ever in reserve, but once you reach the gates of the Madrid you must take the turns with respect. With a sharp switch to the right, you "feel" your way until you come to a cunningly planned archway, garlanded with a half-circle of softly-shaded wine-red lamps. A pull to the left and you drink in your first rapturous vision of a brilliantly bold concept in colour which rekindles your almost extinct embers of fantasy and romance. Through the confining frame of the archway you are given a sort of spying-glass introduction, but when you have rolled slowly out of it and drawn up grandly before the broad steps, you are thrilled by the gorgeousness of the now fully apparent splendour.

FASCINATING above all in the colour scheme is a "fathoms-deep" blue-green, which almost seems to charge the atmosphere in its power of luminosity. It gives an intensity and individuality to every burnished leaf, so that it is difficult to believe the trees are just real, just ordinary, trees. One prefers to imagine them as vividly pigmented marine plants in some deep-sea grotto (after Arthur Collins). Above this mingling of green and blue are great cart-wheel turquoise-tinting lamps, swung at intervals from the tallest trees. Over the tables, somewhat formally squared about the dancing floor, lean, rather less formally, bright vermilion and white sun umbrellas. The artist who patterned this combination certainly adventured audaciously with his colours, but he has the unchallengeable retort of success with which to meet any criticism.

AND now, having quaffed your first deep "drink" on the spectacular side and seen your car wind majestically down the other side of the loop that skirts the gaily peopled gardens, you are taken in hand by the retainers. For this is the spirit of the Madrid, which is least like a restaurant of all the resorts of the Bois. You are made to feel a member of a country-house party. It is not difficult to imagine the Château as one of the "stately homes of England." A little newer and shinier; but still it is the "house" which dominates the grounds, whereas in most instances the buildings seem to be an accessory after the fact of the gardens.

YOU have reserved your table of course, for it is risky to omit the precaution, and once you have been shepherded to this you are one of the family. You show it in your bearing towards the entertainers, for if Billy Revel tries to tell you what he intends to do next with his partner, Betty de Laune, you just drown his patter with applause until finally he gives up the speech-making and gets on with the business. Billy and Betty have some quite good business, especially the demonstration of dancing in Paris *à l'Anglaise, à l'Américaine, à la Française.*

"Awake the concierge"

THEN your own turn at dancing arrives when Kel Keech's band insists on your trying the linoleum-covered floor. Most English folk who have been on the Riviera know Kel Keech's orchestra and know there is nothing to be done against it when Keech's moving finger writhes.

BUT there is this about the Madrid, that if you dance so long that you feel it is too late to go home and break the sleep of the *concierge*, you can buy an *appartement meublé* at a quite reasonable rate. The Château is at your disposal.

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

PEOPLE are watching Mr. Alec Waugh's career as a novelist with unusual interest. A great initial success obtained at a very early age is not always a help to a man, but Mr. Waugh is proceeding with a commendable caution. Last year he published what was obviously only a first instalment of a romance of modern business. *The Lonely Unicorn* gave the earlier story of a young man, Roland Whateley, who put new life into an old-fashioned business, and married the chief partner's daughter. A second instalment is now published, and I am inclined to rate it much higher than its predecessor, for although *Card Castle* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) still shows technical defects—in places Mr. Waugh's love of accurate observation leads him to interpolate vignettes of men and things which, if delightful in themselves, do not advance his story—it is far more dramatic, and one's interest is more evenly sustained.

❀

HERE you see Roland still the keen man of business, but beginning to land himself in more or less serious trouble. That mysterious Beatrice of the earlier book, a member of the family into which he has married, comes out of her shell, and Roland succumbs to her charms. The affair may be poetical, but it is also expensive, and overdrafts, whether you are in love or not, have a disagreeable habit of doubling themselves in no time at all. Roland is forced to look for more money, and finds it——. But that is Mr. Waugh's story, so far, that is to say, as he has yet told it.

❀

I DO not doubt that a final instalment has been planned. When the whole work has been completed, it should be a remarkable achievement for so young a man. Mr. Waugh, it is true, does not write like a young man: in fact, there are times, as for instance, when he is allowing us to watch in leisurely fashion a gouty old gentleman at his club enjoying a lunch that is not at all good for him, when you imagine that the author must be a man in the sixties at least. But that, I suppose, is the modern way. *Card Castle* is an apt title for there is much disillusion in the book. And yet, perhaps—one hopes so, at any rate—although young Roland is finding that life is not invariably cricket—he will come to his senses. Indeed, there is already more than a hint that he is on the way. At which time we shall feel that all these rather sordid affairs on which his creator has expended so much detailed care will not have been without their value. At least it will be recognised that his conception has been big.

❀

THERE have been novels enough and to spare in the last fifty years about the parson, but very few about the making of that parson. In fact, until I had read Mr. Ernest Raymond's new novel, *Wanderlight* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), I knew none which gives an intimate picture of life in a Theological Training College. Mr. Raymond has already achieved a wide popular success,

MR. ERNEST RAYMOND

A portrait by a Turkish general, Noury Pasha, of the author of "Wanderlight" which is reviewed on this page. Mr. Raymond, as everyone knows, served as a padre during the War. This drawing was made at Batoum, by Noury Pasha, the G.O.C. Turkish forces in the Caucasus, while he was awaiting trial in 1919 for the massacre of Armenians after the fall of Baku. We reproduce it here by kind courtesy of Mr. Raymond

and his new book, with its very human story of a man unable, through a subtle process of disillusion, to take orders, will assuredly repeat that success. It is impossible not to be greatly interested in the life at the Widdering College—the picture which Mr. Raymond paints of it is strikingly vivid—but at the same time it seems to me that Hilary Down's love-affairs with Esther and Millie are of the commonplace order. And at times it would seem as though Mr. Raymond were writing too quickly. There are slovenly passages in his book. As a painter of portraits, however, he is excellent. His Archdeacon is worthy of Trollope. And as the story itself is very human, it will be enjoyed. Perhaps we may hear more of Hilary Down and his friends in the future.

❀

FOR the twenty-third occasion there appears a collection of stories from *Truth*, and the new *Thirty Queer Stories* (Syndicate Publishing Co.: 2*s.* 6*d.* net) are well up to sample. For a story to be queer it does not necessarily mean that it must be eerie or ghostlike, and in this collection there are stories of all possible kinds. It is pleasant, too, to find Mr. William Caine amongst the list of authors. His contribution is gay as gay as can be, but it is undeniably queer for all that. Mr. G. M. Attenburgh's "Fairy Tale" is also queer, but with a different kind of queerness altogether. And all the stories have an element of unexpectedness about them. The book, in fact, makes most excellent reading, and is just the thing for your bedside.

❀

MR. J. F. BLACKER has published another of those useful monographs of his for which collectors have long been blessing his name. *The A.B.C. of Nineteenth-Century English Ceramic Art* (S. Paul: 15*s.* net) is on a par with its predecessors. Just now, it would seem, the Victorian age is having a revival of interest in more than one direction. Three-volumed first editions are not the only treasures to be collected. Here, in Mr. Blacker's book with its more than a thousand illustrations, is all the information that can possibly be required by those whose purses will not run to the older potters' work. But there is plenty for them to collect, and Mr. Blacker is the safest of guides.

❀

Darkened Windows (Appletons: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Cornelia Kane Rathbone, is an American detective story of the better sort. When Hannibal Hurst is found shot in his study, the murderer might be one of any number of people—his second wife or his daughter, for instance, or an anarchistic Sinn Feiner. Things look rather black against both the ladies, but there is a nice little detective to solve the problem, and a nice young lawyer to "help" him. Quite a jolly book to read. R. S.

Wembley in Colour

Although the vast majority of visitors to the British Empire Exhibition come away with fairly clear pictures of various aspects retained in their mind's eye, after a time these impressions are bound to grow dim. But there is no reason why Memories should not be easily revived, for Mr. Donald Maxwell, whose work is well known to readers of *The Graphic*, has produced an admirable and artistic work, *Wembley in Colour* (Longmans, Green and Co., 21*s.* net). This book, which is both an impression and a memento of the Exhibition, contains over one hundred sketches in colour and monochrome, and should be a souvenir of real artistic value.

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MOTOR NOTES

THE PRINCE AT SOUTHAMPTON

When the Prince of Wales recently visited Southampton to open the largest dry dock in the world, a fleet of Canadian Buick cars were placed at the disposal of the Prince and his staff. He is seen above entering the Buick car which conveyed him from the railway station to the Docks

MOTORISTS who wish to see the European Grand Prix motor race to be held at Lyons on August 3, should write to the Clerk to the Municipal Council, Hotel de Ville, Lyons, who will be glad to assist visitors to the races to book rooms. As practising starts on July 18 up to and including July 22, the drivers will not have too much time to learn the tricks of the course in the time available on those days between 5 a.m. and 8.30 a.m., when the roads will be closed to other traffic. Motorists who visited the Brooklands track on Wednesday, July 2, were given the opportunity of seeing one of the three Sunbeam racers, fitted with its supercharger, that will represent Great Britain in the race. Sunbeams won the Grand Prix last year, so hope to be equally successful in this forthcoming event. If a rakish craft that seems to cling to the ground, yet rushes over its surface like a slim green torpedo at 126 miles an hour, can win the event the Sunbeam should repeat its victory of last year. The Sunbeam racers are, indeed, speedy machines, and British motorists hope to acclaim their success if they have just ordinary luck in the race.

* * *

IT was a happy idea of the Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., to hold a convention of their agents (who distribute Exide batteries to the public) at the London Country Club, Hendon, two days previous to the Air Force Pageant, so that the assembled party of some 250 could seek pleasure as well as carry on their business talk. Mr. Dunne presided, and pointed out to the agents how they ought to carry good stocks and suitable plant on their premises in order to serve the public as well as the factory served them in providing the agents with the best goods. There was mention of the lethal chamber for some party that did not behave, and "come down," as the Americans say. But, jokes apart, there are 400 service stations for users of Exide batteries to go to for any help when they may require it in England, and the men who run these depots were present at this gathering, trying better to serve Exide battery users by making arrangements with the factory to help them to deal with some of the puzzle cases that arise in every business. And a successful result was ensured by the conclave.

* * *

IN France the 10-15 h.p. Fiat cars are now all being fitted with low-pressure tyres, while in England the 300 h.p. Fiat racer is gathering trophies in various contests on the speedways of sand, parades, and track. This Fiat racer is, I fancy, one of the fastest machines ever placed upon the road, as it has exceeded a speed of 139 miles an hour over a kilometre course with

(Continued on page 188)

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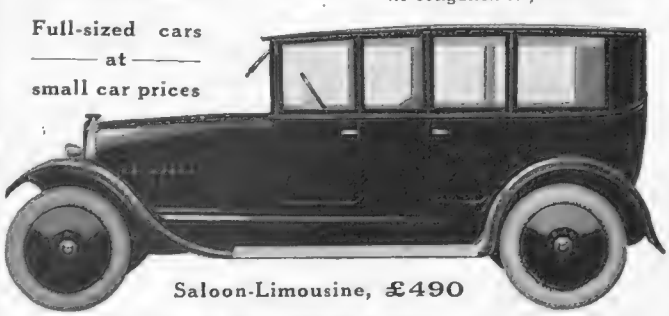

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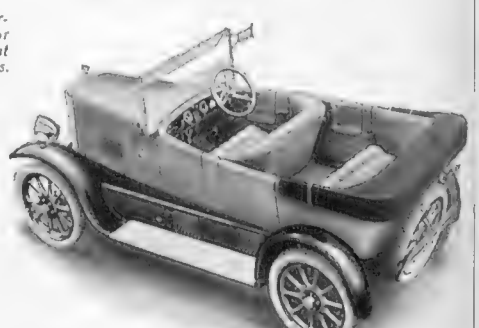

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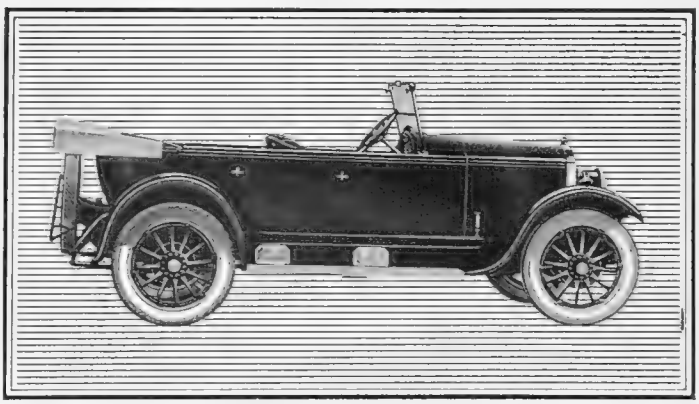

Buick-4 Majestic 5-Seater Tourer, £360

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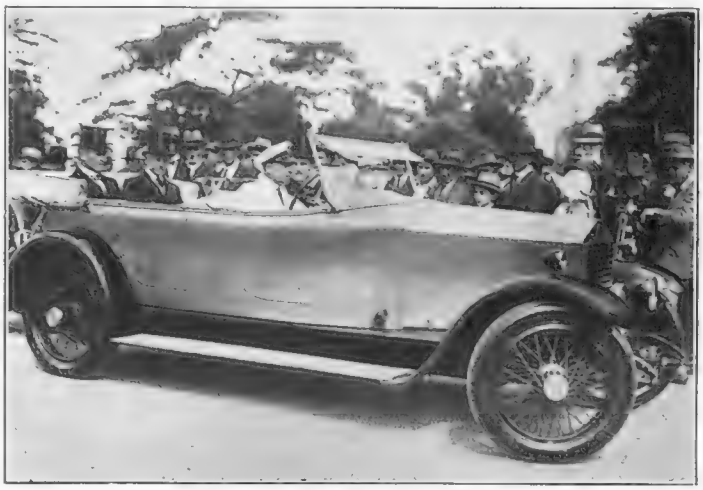
a flying start. As for the small 10-15 h.p. Fiat car, each year seems to add to its popularity with the public, whether fitted with an enclosed or an open-touring type of body. I doubt whether English motorists will trouble to fit low pressure tyres on it as the French motorists seem to prefer, for over here the riding properties of the design make it cling well on our roads, while the ordinary cord tyre usually fitted is very economical in its long life. This is a tribute to the easy clutch engagement of this excellent small car.

* * *

HOWEVER useful the 1500 c.c. motors are, there appears to be a gradual increase in demand for something a bit bigger, so that cars of the rating of about 15 h.p. are being manufactured to provide something to cater for it. Messrs. Clement-Talbot, for instance, are introducing a new model, a 16-50 h.p. six-cylinder car, and Captain Makins, the sales manager, has been touring the country recently to show it to the numerous Talbot customers and agents. From reports received from some of these, I hear it is very speedy, smooth in running, and has a fine quality of acceleration that makes it one of the "nippiest" cars to handle on the road. No doubt quite a number of Talbot enthusiasts will pay a visit to Barlby Road, Notting Hill, W., to see it at the works in which it is made, where a trial car is at the disposal of interested visitors.

* * *

MOTORISTS who complain of the high charges made by the up-river hostelries should try a week-end at Ye Meads Hotel, Taplow. I expect they would extend their visit for a further period if their bill is as moderate as mine was. It is situated down Marsh Lane, the Slough side of Taplow railway bridge, out of the Maidenhead-Bath road, and is one of the few places that does not imagine the owner of a motor-car is a millionaire and can therefore stand any sort of old price they choose to ask. Besides, the hostess is young and loves good cooking, so she sees that the guests get it. But don't imagine it is on the banks of the Thames, as it is not, but quite close enough if you have anything on wheels at all to get to the river if you want to. Also the old head waiter is a gem. I believe he would get you a Great Auk's egg from Christie's if you particularly asked for it.



FRINGES OF THE FLEET

A photograph from Sydney, New South Wales, showing Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Field and Rear-Admiral Sir Hubert Brand setting off to attend the Royal Agricultural Society's Show during the visit of H.M.S. Hood. The car is the 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce which is being carried on H.M.S. Hood during her Empire Tour

* * *

THE race for the King's Cup to be awarded to the entrant of the aircraft which completes the course in the shortest handicap time within the period allowed for the race, is to be flown on July 26. The competitors will make a start at 5.30 a.m., and must pass over the finishing line before half an hour after sunset that day. The course is about 950 miles, the seaplanes starting from Felixstowe and the aeroplanes from Martlesham Heath. The first turning-point is Leith, 333 miles, the second at Dalmuir, 48 miles further on, and the third turning-point at Falmouth in Cornwall, 395 miles away, with the finishing line, the Pier at Lee-on-Solent by Southampton, a further 174 miles, thus making the total distance about 950 miles. The winner also gains £100, presented by

(Continued on page 190)

The 23-60 h.p. VAUXHALL

Smooth silent motion, power to spare, low expenses

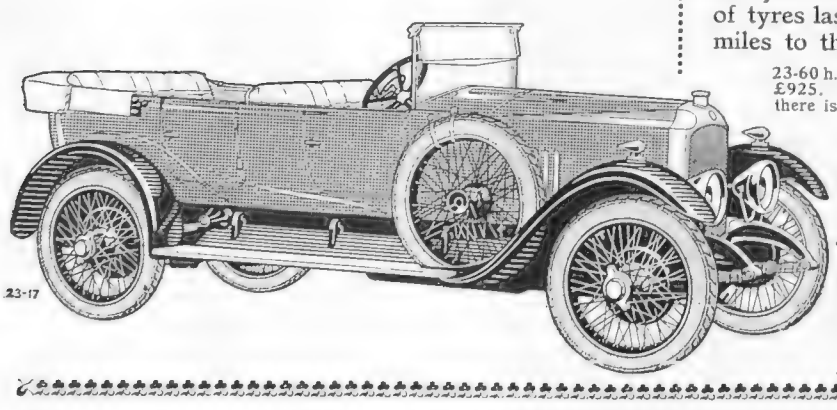
Here is a car of unique design and exceptional merit. Have you tried it?

THE design of the 23-60 Vauxhall takes into account not only power but refinement, not only speed but driving ease, not only efficiency but economy.

More than 60 b.h.p. is developed by the engine at a rate of revolution not very high, and vibration being neutralised by the Lanchester harmonic balancer, solely used in the 23-60 Vauxhall, its smoothness of functioning is impressive.

A cruising speed of 40 or 45 m.p.h. is light work for the 23-60, which has an easily attained maximum of about 65 m.p.h. The power-to-weight ratio moreover is such that frequent gear-changing is obviated.

Low expenses are ensured not only by the demonstrated reliability and wearing qualities of the Vauxhall make, but also by its tyre and fuel economy. A user's report shows that a set of tyres lasted for 20,000 miles. A petrol consumption of 20 miles to the gallon is often obtained.



23-60 h.p. Vauxhall 'Kington' touring car with Vauxhall four-wheel brakes, £925. Four-wheel brakes being now standardised in the 23-60 chassis, there is a substantial saving of £25 compared with the previous cost.

There is a complete range of closed and convertible bodies.

14-40 h.p. Vauxhall from £595
30-98 h.p. Vauxhall from £1220

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THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

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23-17

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Marvellous effect. All Wrinkles effectually removed as if by magic. Absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin. Will not grow hair.

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NO MASSAGE! NO RUBBING! Send 3d. stamps to-day towards postage and packing, and you will be surprised and delighted at the results WRINKOLA will show. Write to—
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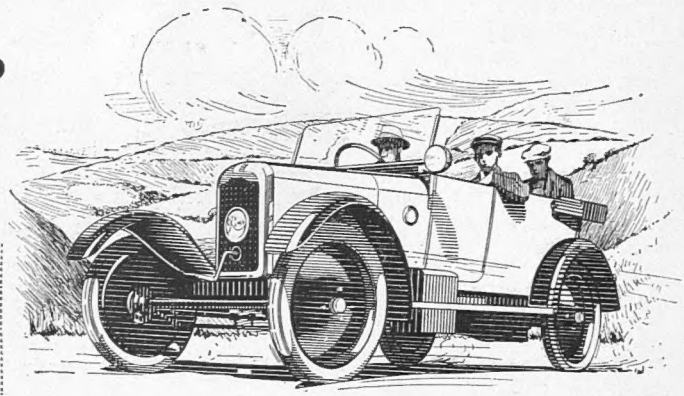
More Rover 8 h.p. cars have been sold this year than in any previous 12 months

Why?



SPECIAL NOTICE
We wish to emphasise that we have no intention of ceasing to manufacture the 8 h.p. Rover car.
The ROVER Co. Ltd.

You can never overrate the
ROVER
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SPECIFICATION & PRICES
Horizontally opposed twin-cylinder engine. Three speeds and reverse, worm axle with differential. Equipment comprises hood with all-weather side curtains, spare wheel and tyre, electric lighting set and bulb horn, full kit of tools, etc.

2 SEATER (with dickey) or 4 SEATER } £160
SALOON (Weymann type) } £214

BECAUSE those in search of the most reliable, most economical small car realise that the 8 h.p. Rover engine, with its two large cylinders and absence of tiny moving parts—its simplicity, due largely to its proved efficacious system of air-cooling—is longest wearing, longest in maintaining its "tune," and most capable of "slogging" away on a hill without necessity for continual gear-changing.

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Dainty Perfumes in a Dainty Shape.

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Ideal for the Hand-bag

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PARIS Estd. 1774.

Our advice to You, is—always use HURCULACES in your Boots & Shoes

HURCULACES
THE LACE WITH THE EXTRA LONG WEAR

MADE IN MANY VARIETIES
For LADIES, GENTS CHILDRENS, BOOTS & SHOES in ALL POPULAR SHADES

STOCKED BY THE LEADING BOOT SHOPS, DRAPERS, OUTFITTERS &c.

SURGICAL STOCKING OCCULTA

Invisible under the finest stockings.

Containing no rubber.

Molds the leg by the traction of the suspenders. Thoroughly hygienic. Perfect aeration of the skin. Washes like an ordinary stocking.

Send measurements: A, B, C, and 25/-

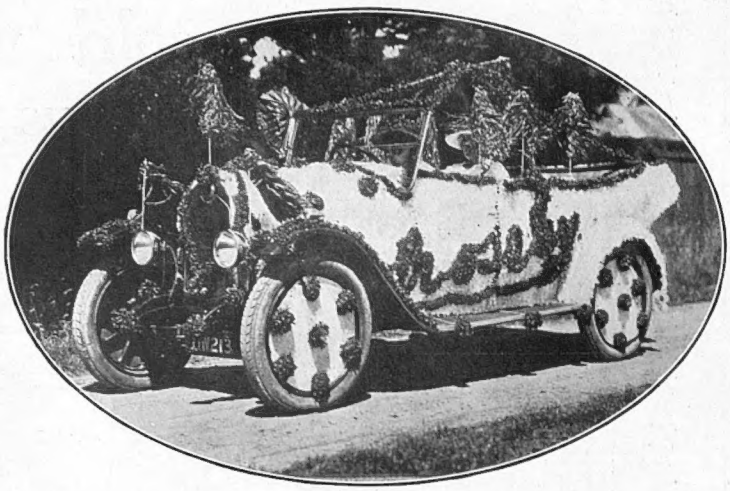
G. H. WICKHAM
15, Rue de la Banque,
PARIS, FRANCE.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

Mr. Samuel Samuel, M.P., and the second prize-winner gains £100, given by Sir Charles Wakefield. As the competitors must not be more than 500 ft. up when turning at the various points, so as to be easily identified by the official observer, these places should attract a number of spectators to witness this aeroplane race, one of the finest spectacles of the year.

* *
*

EVERYBODY who has a stall or stand at Wembley sends me a booklet all about their goods. I shall really know so many trade histories that I must expel the dates of the Kings and Queens of England to make room to remember these. They really are quite interesting and nicely illustrated. For instance, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Ltd., has issued the history of its firm, which coincides with the discovery of oil by the shores of Shatt-el-Arab by William Knox D'Arcy, an old Westminster boy. Or, rather, its first gusher at Maidan-i-Naftun, that saved this patriotic pioneer and his associates from utter ruin. But when you go to Wembley call at the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's beautiful stand and ask for a copy. It shows, as Perceval Landon wrote in the *Daily Telegraph* ten years ago, that "the ever-running black fluid that finds its way in the dark one hundred and forty-five miles from the Field of Oil to the island of Abadan on the Shatt-el-Arab may one day prove to be the very life-blood of our existence." The fulfilment of this prophecy is revealed in this booklet.



WELL CAMOUFLAGED

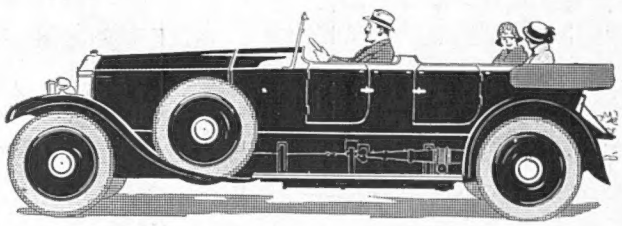
It would be no easy matter to recognise the make of the flower-bedecked car seen above at one glance. It is, as a matter of fact, a 14 h.p. Crossley, which won first prize in a flower carnival in Fielding, New Zealand

AN Australian motorist has asked me to point out that in 1923 50 per cent. of the motor imports into his country were from the U.S.A., 40 per cent. from Canada, 4 per cent. from England, and the balance from France and Italy, with a few chassis from Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland. Actually 2,007 chassis out of a total of 56,157 motor chassis were imported from England to Australia. However, 46,851 bodies were built for these chassis in Australia itself, a fact English motorists will be glad to hear, as there seems no reason why our Colonies should not build coachwork as well as we can ourselves. Also, already one or two firms are seriously considering chassis-building there. If these firms took a useful chassis of an English make and had a lic nce to build or assemble on reasonable terms I see no reason why British firms could not come to some working arrangement in order to get a better proportion of the business than they do at present.

* *
*

WHATEVER "bulge" other nations may have on this Old Country in various goods, England still leads the world in her cycle products. Best value for cash they are, whether of the push-bike or power-bike variety. Visitors to the Palace of Engineering at Wembley ought to spare time to inspect the cycle section there, if only to view the famous James *modèle de luxe* lady's cycle, with its gold and silver-plated fittings, ivory handle bars, and the hand-engraved mudguards with views of Kenilworth Castle, Anne Hathaway's Cottage and other local views. This cost £300 for the complete machine, the engraving alone costing over £140.

OLD HY.



40/50 Rolls-Royce Barker Torpedo.

The Quality Sign

For over 200 years Barker's have been building fine coachwork—coachwork which has given the utmost pride and satisfaction to the owner. So to-day the predominant number of bodies on high-grade chassis bear the sign—"Coachwork by Barker."

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"BAL-LON-ETTE"

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THE STANDARD BRITISH LOW PRESSURE CORD TYRE

Copy of Letter sent to British Car Manufacturers of Interest to the British Public.

BRITISH OR FOREIGN?

Dear Sirs,

We have received letters from Motor Car Agents asking us to make them an allowance of £1 on every new car they order if they specify "Bal-lon-ette" tyres. It appears that a certain foreign firm who sell a low pressure tyre in this country have been to the Agents, and as a means of getting these foreign tyres fitted to British cars they are giving £1 to the Agents who specify their tyres when ordering a new car. In consequence we have received letters from Motor Car Agents stating that if we will not give them £1 they will advise the foreign tyres to be fitted. They are not interested in which is the best tyre or giving proper advice to the person who buys a car from them, they are interested in £1, that is all. For this £1 these British Agents will advise customers to buy foreign tyres.

We want the public to know that when an Agent advises a foreign tyre to be put on a new car, he has an interest outside his customer and outside British workmen.

Yours faithfully,

ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS, LTD.,

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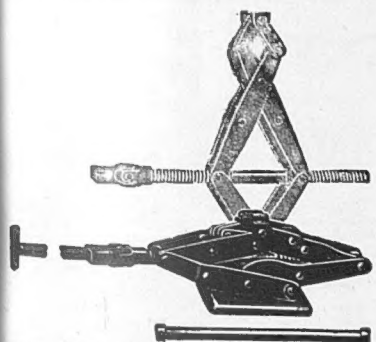
After this performance you have no excuse for using foreign tyres.



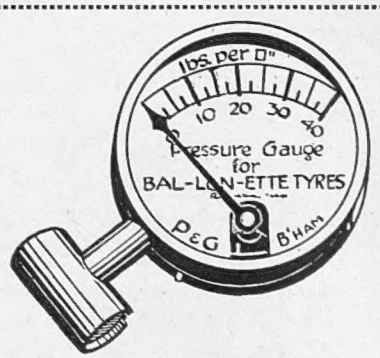
THE "BAL-LON-ETTE" JACK FOR LOW PRESSURE TYRES.

Specially constructed for use with low pressure tyres, the feature of which is that it lifts from 4 inches from the ground to 14½ inches without adjustment. This jack provides the extra lift required with low pressure tyres.

Price (with collapsible handle) 14/-

FREE OFFER TO PRIVATE OWNERS!

In order to convince you of the superiority of "Bal-lon-ette" low-pressure tyres over ordinary tyres we will sell you a set complete with wheels to fit your car. If you are not satisfied return them to us within 14 days and we will *refund all your money*, charging you only for the carriage incurred (if any). This is, of course, providing they are given fair wear and tear and have not been damaged by an accident.



THE "BAL-LON-ETTE" LOW PRESSURE TYRE GAUGE.

In order to obtain the best service from "Bal-lon-ette" tyres it is essential to keep them at the correct pressure. This gauge is made specifically for the purpose. Perfectly simple to use. **Price 4/6**

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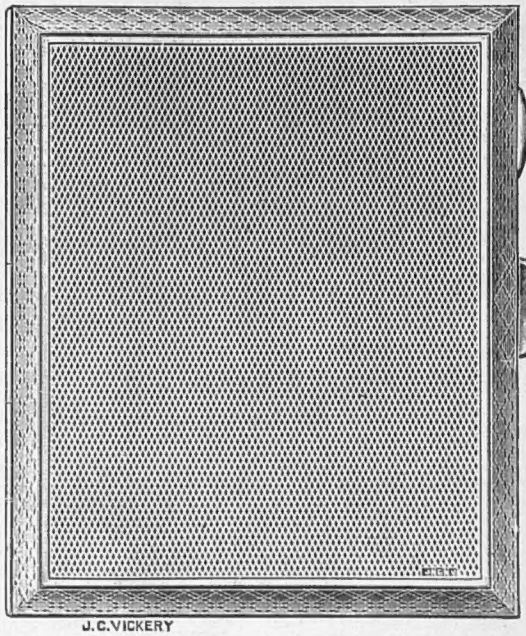

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Very Special Value

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Couleur de Rose is a liquid and is suitable for every occasion. *It actually improves the texture of the skin.* It will never smear or rub. Rain or heat does not affect it and it is guaranteed perfectly harmless. Improve your appearance at once with

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Obtainable of the Army and Navy Stores (Drug Dept.), Civil Service Stores (Drug Dept.), Harrods (Drug Dept.), Heppells Chemists (all branches), Selfridges (Perfumery Dept.), and all leading Stores, Chemists, Perfumers and Hairdressers, price 2/6, or 2/9 post free from
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DID you notice as she walked into the room what a perfect example of the well-dressed girl she was?

Has it occurred to you how important an item were the Stockings which added such grace to her tastefully shod feet?

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